

The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL.

THE quarter has been as bad as—but no worse than—it was expected to be. Defeats in Greece and Libya, and the serious challenge in the Atlantic, have been relieved by naval victories, the check to enemy intrigue in Iraq, more freedom from night-bombing than was anticipated at home, and increased co-operation from the United States. The disaster in Crete has profoundly disturbed public opinion, and it is clear that someone blundered badly. When even *The Times* is moved to criticism, something must have gone far wrong. Strange it is that some people in high authority are so slow to learn; they would not believe *Mein Kampf*, they refused to accept reports of German preparations for war, they despised the dive-bomber, and minimized the extent of German war production and the speed of the German war machine. For their stupidity others have to pay, and to pay the supreme price. A year ago it was freely reported that the Germans were turning out 70 planes a day; now it must be nearly double that number. The planes are being turned out to use, and nobody should have been surprised by the onslaught on Crete.

How long yet is "Too late" to be written over our efforts? On the day these words are written (June 6th) we read in *The Times* a dispatch from Cyprus which begins (the italics are ours):

From the moment the first German invaders dropped down on Crete this island of Cyprus . . . began seriously to dig its own defences. . . .

Cyprus, which from the beginning of the War has been regarded as a secure British base! Is this report true? Or is the correspondent allowed to send it in order to attempt to deceive the enemy? Or is its only purpose to sicken the folks at home? We give it up.

Again we deplore the critical decision not to seize Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands at all costs. Had they been taken a year ago the story might have been altogether different.

This we say while recognizing that the Government has to consider far-spread reactions to all its decisions. The clamant demand for the seizure of Syria probably failed altogether to measure the effect of such an act on opinion throughout France and the French Empire, on Turkey, on the Arabs, and on Russia. Without the

knowledge the Government possesses it is difficult to form a sound judgment on this and many points.

Here we come to what we believe is the main failure to date—the failure to realize that this is a war of peoples and of ideas, and to do more to rally and inform the people at home and to discourage and undermine the enemy. Why is news doled out in such miserly fashion? Why are people who are showing themselves every day capable of enduring hardness treated as fretful children? Why are explanations not given more frequently — of policies, strategy, tactics? Why, when aerodromes are being built preparatory to an attack on Britain in a line thirty miles within the French coast do we not hear of attempts to destroy them? Why is the B.B.C. allowed to waste so much time repeating the same chopped straw in bulletin after bulletin?

And can we be assured that our propaganda in Germany is as effective as that which reaches this country from Germany, with its subtle mixture of truth and falsehood, all aimed to disquiet and disturb? We need tell the truth only to the German people: let them hear again and again and again of increased and increasing American co-operation, let them be reminded again and again of the course of the last war, and of their own Moltke's dictum that Britain always wins the last battle.

In relation to America, too, we must be constantly improving both our service of news and the technique of our approach to the American people. Dr. J. S. Bonnell, of the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, who has recently visited this country, said he had been impressed most of all by the presence in Britain of the governments, people, and armed forces of the small European countries—Norway, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia. An effective counter to the American isolationist claim that Americans are being called to "save the British Empire" is to be found in the presence of these people, for whose freedom Britain herself is fighting. That is but one illustration. Many more could be found.

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It is more than time that the Prime Minister took a hand in India. He has shown himself big enough to break the shackles of his own past, and courageous, statesmanlike intervention would appeal to the Indian people, and resolve a stubborn situation which is dangerous both in hampering the war effort and in disturbing the American people, who, be it remembered, know far more about what is happening in India than we do ourselves.

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THE decision to hold the Annual Assembly of the Congregational Union was by no means an easy one to make. It proved to be the right one, though after London's *Blitz* on the preceding Saturday night a representative Assembly seemed impossible. Far more

delegates than were anticipated arrived, however, and perhaps it was well that those from untouched areas should see the ruined City Temple and the devastation surrounding the Memorial Hall, where the first Session was held in sepulchral gloom.

The Assembly proved to be well worth while, reaching its *crescendo* in the addresses by those doing special forms of war work in rest centres, shelters, camps, *etc.* The new Chairman of the Union, Mr. Alec E. Glassey, spoke of the layman's part in the work of the Church in a sane and sensible and audible address; the Secretary of the Union, Dr. Berry, had an impressive account to give of the co-operation of the churches at home and abroad in mobilizing resources to meet the war-time stress; the Missionary Societies had encouraging reports to present. The nights were quiet, and everybody returned home safe and sound.

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MANY years ago we urged in these pages that, instead of or additional to the Autumn Assembly, the Congregational Union of England and Wales should every five years hold a Congress for the consideration of some special subject. The proposal fell on deaf ears, with the result that men in middle life have never listened to a full discussion in their national Assembly of topics of great importance. In the pressure of routine business even the Reports of Committees receive scant consideration, and there is no time for central themes—the content of the Gospel, church methods, evangelization, the training of the ministry.

The revived interest in religious education of necessity brings the reflection that Congregationalists of this generation have never thoroughly discussed the relation of Christians to education. True, there is an Education Committee, and its members are far from incompetent; but their outlook is circumscribed and almost entirely limited to elementary education; even there, however, a generation has arisen unfamiliar with even the terminology of the 1902 controversy, and ignorant of and often, it must be confessed, uninterested in the principles involved. A week's Congress, in which the whole field of education could be surveyed would in itself have been an education for most of us. What ought the Churches to do, and what are they doing, in regard to adult education? Are they teaching their members—about the Bible and the fundamentals of the faith? What are the Churches doing in the Universities and Colleges? Are they making an adequate endeavour to win students for the Kingdom of God? Are they alive to the importance of Training Colleges, and aware of the nature of religious teaching in Public and Secondary Schools? Are they right in supporting Free Church Boarding Schools, and do they, while giving freedom to the management of such Schools, have them sufficiently in their thoughts? Is the education for the ministry adequate for

to-day, and are the colleges alive to the opportunity of helping men and women who have gifts and the desire to use them, but who cannot, or do not wish to, give the whole of their time to the ministry? These are but a few of the topics which have been calling for attention for a quarter of a century, to say nothing of elementary education, about which there is at the moment a renewed concern.

The War has brought a new awareness of the power and danger of secularism, and the dispersal of children throughout the country has revealed that religious instruction, in Day and Sunday Schools alike, has somehow missed the mark. The glib contention made in some circles that it is "Board School religion", as opposed to denominational school religion, that has failed is beneath contempt. With some experience in elementary school teaching and administration, we should be prepared to back the public-controlled schools against denominational schools even in religious teaching. But the matter is too serious for party controversy. Let it be frankly admitted that *all* have failed alike, and then consider what can be done. The suggestion is now made in many quarters that it may be possible, if the Churches can agree on a syllabus of teaching, for a single system of elementary education to be established, this syllabus being the basis of teaching in all elementary schools. This would be a decided step forward, and it is probable that the majority of Free Churchmen would gladly welcome it. Some would have their doubts, for to them it seems dangerous for the Church to hand over to the State the teaching of religion. And not only dangerous, but wrong. We ourselves share these doubts. We remember what sacrifices Congregationalists made in the middle of last century for their own schools, for they believed it was wrong for all people to be taxed to pay for the teaching of a religion in which they did not believe. To us the bringing up of children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" is of supreme importance, but that is no justification for making all—Jews, atheists, agnostics, and the great mass of the people whom many supporters of the present proposals frankly call pagan—pay for the teaching of Christianity. Even if that point of principle can be overcome, is it *wise* for the Churches, just because they are organized and can influence Parliament, to secure the establishment of Christianity as the religion to be taught in all schools? There may come a day (*absit omen!*) when a powerful non-Christian minority is in the position to demand that *its* religion—it may be Communism or Fascism—be taught in all schools, for they deem *that* to be absolutely essential to the wellbeing of the children and of the State. What then would be our answer if we had consented to the teaching of *our* religion at the expense of the State?

It must be admitted, however, that for many Free Churchmen these difficulties do not arise. Seeing only the urgent need for

Christian teaching, they rejoice in the prospect of its establishment in all schools. And, subject to the doubts expressed, we agree with them, for it would be a great boon to secure the abolition of the dual system and of religious strife. Let it be frankly recognized that it would mean a great sacrifice to many Anglicans to give up the schools they have struggled so hard to maintain. Some Anglican die-hards will, of course, resist the proposals tooth-and-nail; others, having "seen the red light", frankly recognize the impossibility of maintaining their schools, and desire to "get out while the going is good"; they would rejoice with what we believe will prove to be the majority of Anglicans and Free Churchmen in the securing of agreement on Christian teaching and a single system of elementary education.

Vital to these proposals, it seems to us, are the following points, some of them by no means easy to secure:

- (1) The dual system must go in reality, not in pretence. We do not, of course, mean tomorrow, but within a set term of years. And the public control must be real.
- (2) The teaching must be given by genuine and competent teachers; it must have its proper place in the curriculum, and be properly inspected.
- (3) This means much more attention to the training of teachers in this field, in both the Universities and the Training Colleges.
- (4) Full co-operation of the teachers must be obtained. There must be no religious tests for teachers, and no "right of entry" for people other than teachers.

To all interested in this subject we would commend Canon E. F. Braley's *A Policy of Religious Education* (Univ. of London Press, 5s.), which advocates "an expression of willingness to surrender the denominational position in Church schools" on condition that

- (a) sound instruction in Christian faith and morals, and its expression in corporate worship, are included as an integral part of the curriculum of every educational institution which receives Government grants;
- (b) the subject is taught by people who are desirous and able to do so; and . . . inspected by H.M.I.s especially appointed. . . .

Other points in the policy are that the syllabuses must be agreed by the Churches, the teachers, and the L.E.A.s, and a continuous supply of fit and qualified teachers provided.

The May issue of *The School Child* contains some references to Canon Braley's book. That periodical is the organ of the National Education Association, whose object is "to promote and defend the principles of National Education, efficient, progressive, free, unsectarian, and under popular control". We recommend all readers

interested in education to become members of the Association. The subscription, 5s. a year, entitles them to the periodical; the Secretary is Mr. Wilfrid J. Rowland, Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1.

A searching, if sympathetic, examination of the proposals appears in the May *Modern Churchman*, where the Rev. R. B. Henderson quotes Canon Braley's statement that agreed syllabuses do not mean "reduced Christianity. Full recognition is given to such topics as the Church, Sacraments, Creeds, and Worship", and asks in amazement:

Is this the millennium? Can it really be true that such widespread agreement has been reached. . . ? If it be so, people may want to know what all the bother is about.

Mr. Henderson looks at the question from the point of view of the headmasters of Secondary Schools. Why do many of them not teach Divinity to their Sixth Forms? Not because they think it unimportant, or that they are indifferent to the moral welfare of their boys, and certainly not because they think boys are taught at home. Largely because they do not think religious leaders *have* reached agreement under the four heads Canon Braley mentions, and they do not want to get into trouble. Many parents, too, believe it is possible to be good Christians without being good Churchmen, and the boys are not Church-conscious.

Nor is there agreement on Sacraments, says Mr. Henderson. "Papists, of course, stand outside", and

there are three groups of Christians who set no store whatever on Sacraments—members of Unitarian Churches, the Society of Friends, and the Salvation Army. Dare anyone say that the Holy Spirit is less active among these bodies than among the sacramentalists? Dare anyone say that these bodies can present less evidence of Christian lives? By their fruits ye shall know them.

Creeds? This is Mr. Henderson's view:

If schoolmasters are asked to teach the Bible on the lines of the Creeds, large numbers of the best of them will refuse. If, on the other hand, they are asked to teach the Bible in the light of modern knowledge, a large and increasing number will ask to be allowed to share in the good work.

Schoolmasters, therefore, will claim the liberty to teach that there is no agreement on Church and Sacraments, Creeds and Worship, and to point out that good men take different views.

From all which it appears that it will by no means be easy to secure general assent to the proposals, first mooted by the Archbishops, and now being developed in many quarters. Our readers will need no urging to be vigilant.

In the discussions on Prayer and Miracle which took place after Dunkirk a speech of the Archbishop of York was frequently quoted. Some of the summaries of the speech gave a wrong impression, and the Archbishop has given us permission to print his own:

(1) We should recognize in the deliverance from Dunkirk an answer to our prayers; but (2) we must at all costs avoid the notion of prayer as another force, on the level of armaments, *etc.*, which enters into combination with them and produces particular results which would not otherwise have occurred; also (3) the first thing that happened after the Day of Prayer was the defection of the Belgian King! Further, (4) the normal sphere of divine action is in men's hearts and wills, and we should seek it rather in the discipline of our men on the beaches, and the spirit of service in the boats, rather than in the weather, though (5) it is not to be denied that God could work miracles if the occasion seemed to Him sufficient. (6) Prayer leads to results in three ways: (i) it lifts us to a new level with new perspectives, and when complete to the realization that "*all things work together for good to them that love God*"—so that we should thank God "*for all things*", but especially, of course, recognize Him as the source of what we see to be good; (ii) it enables us to serve better—more bravely, *etc.*; (iii) it qualifies us to receive boons which could not be given without it, because it is (when real) the guarantee that they will be used to God's glory.

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FROM all sides come indications of awareness of the critical situation of institutional Christianity. The group in the Church of England responsible for *Men, Money and the Ministry* has followed up that work with *Putting Our House in Order* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), which carries an impressive list of episcopal, clerical, and lay sponsors. There are signs in the book that its writers are conscious of the needs for complete reconsideration of the Church's mission, but the mountain seems to bring forth a mouse and the drastic reforms to become merely a redistribution of endowments—entirely desirable, of course, and correspondingly difficult to effect, but scarcely adequate for the disease.

The position we ourselves have described is admitted, both in the statement that the organization of the Church

presupposes a Christian England in which the Church was the nation and the parish at prayer. Because that never truly was the situation, and the 19th century churchmen were deceived by appearances, we are reaping a harvest of unfaith and moral confusion,

and also in the acceptance of Mr. Middleton Murry's contention:

it is the prolonged preoccupation of the Church with its own continuance as an institution, instead of a concern for its mis-

sion to evangelize society, which has resulted in the entire secularization of society in this country.

If the Church can shake itself free from this preoccupation, and forget itself in its mission, it may escape the doom that is otherwise certain: or, in the words of *Putting Our House in Order*,

If reform is not put in hand the Church will fail to be an effective force in the nation and commonwealth during the remainder of the century.

The writers go on to say that reform must be wholehearted to effect its purpose, and that the danger will be the substitution of

a little mild tinkering . . . due to the lack of sustained initiative on the part of a too elderly executive, to the shortsightedness of vested interests, clerical and lay, and to a good deal of sheer stupidity and inertia in parishes and patrons.

The reforms suggested seem to savour of that tinkering the authors fear, and only at the end of their survey is there an indication that the problem of institutional Christianity should be tackled by the Church as a whole, and not by one denomination alone.

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WE have received some interesting lists of the ten books the Prime Minister should keep on his desk or at his bedside, but they cover far too wide a range to reveal any consensus of opinion. Many readers have written to say that they optimistically started out to prepare lists, but stuck fast after the first three or four items. The difficulty, of course, is that the field is so wide, and Wordsworth's *Poems* and Boswell's *Johnson* and Macaulay's *History* come tumbling over Gibbon and Thomas à Kempis and the *New Survey of Life and Labour*. It is interesting that in this age of pre-occupation with economics *Das Kapital* appears on no list.

Here are two lists which might serve to stimulate the minds of readers. The first is from the Rev. Leyton Richards, who might—all things being possible—have substituted the *Letters and Speeches* of Cromwell, whom Dr. Ernest Barker recently called "the greatest of Englishmen", for those of Lincoln, though we yield to none in our admiration of Lincoln.

General:

1. *The Bible*.
2. *Shakespeare*.
3. *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

For Political Good Sense:

4. Milton. *Areopagitica*.
5. Walter Lippman. *The Good Society* (the best philosophy of the liberal State I know).
6. Abraham Lincoln. *Speeches and Letters* (a model for any statesman conducting a war).
7. J. R. Green. *History of the English People*.

For Sound Economics:

8. Henry George. *Progress and Poverty.*

To Keep the P.M. Humble:

9. Sir James Jeans. *The Mysterious Universe.*

To take his mind off current events and provide a good night-cap:

10. Dickens. *The Pickwick Papers.*

The second list we select is from a Baptist minister who has contributed to our pages, the Rev. W. E. Booth Taylor:

The Bible.

Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Shakespeare.

Emerson. *Essays.*

Buchan. *Oliver Cromwell.*

J. Wesley Bready. *England before and after Wesley.*

Fisher. *History of Europe.*

Schweitzer. *Civilization and Ethics.*

Trevelyan. *Life of Macaulay.*

Alfred Noyes. *The Unknown God.*

Not many of our correspondents include *Mein Kampf* in their lists. We hope the Prime Minister does read it. Had our politicians read and digested it, many of our present distresses might have been avoided.

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In introducing Mr. Mark Van Doren's book on *Shakespeare* Sir Hugh Walpole said that for many years he had read an Act of one of the plays every morning wherever he might be. He was lucky indeed to have had the leisure!

Many people—King George V was one of them—are in the habit of reading a chapter of the Bible every day. Few, we imagine, are able to read both. It would be interesting to discover the effect on the style of a writer who over a long period read the A.V. and the plays every day. Perhaps it would be even more interesting to discover the effect on a man's life. And, if there had to be a choice, where would most people make it? There have, we believe, been experiments in hospitals to discover whether patients treated with drugs containing alcohol recovered more quickly or more slowly than those without such treatment, and even whether the patients in wards where prayer was offered were healed more speedily than those where there were no prayers! After five years, would five years of daily Bible reading make a man different from his twin brother who read instead an Act of one of Shakespeare's plays every day? Happily, we have not to choose between the two. Would that we who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke realize how fortunate we are in the possession of the incomparable *English Bible* and the matchless plays. Once in these

pages we played the game of choosing books for a sojourn on a desert island. If recollection serve, we plumped for the Bible, Shakespeare, and Bradshaw. If a fourth were allowed, the choice would be difficult indeed. Should it be Milton or Browning, Froude's *History of England* or Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*? And if all these were rejected we might even find ourselves in the ironical position of reaching out with the right hand for *The Pilgrim's Progress* while the left, trying to appear ignorant of what the right was doing, stealthily moved towards *Wisden*.

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SINCE the previous paragraph was written Hugh Walpole has died, at an all too early age, and Mr. J. B. Priestley has declared that the world of contemporary English letters will be much bleaker without Hugh Walpole. He is right, though it is to be regretted that it was a *Times* obituary which caused the comment. That obituary was evidently written by one who disliked Walpole and his work exceedingly; there was scarcely an appreciative sentence without a qualification, and "damned with faint praise" was written over all. Some of Walpole's novels are assured of their place in English literature, and no critic, even though sheltering behind newspaper anonymity, should have let his dislike obscure that fact.

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ONE of those "key men" of the Group Movement who were often used to impress susceptible and unsophisticated Christians was Baron von Hahn. Memories of a meal in Brown's Hotel at Dr. Frank Buchman's invitation came to mind as we read in Mr. M. W. Fodor's *The Revolution Is On* these words:

I had met von Hahn, a Baltic baron and friend of Alfred Rosenberg, in Vienna when he was correspondent of the German official news agency, where his chief duty was to engineer a *coup* which later ended in the assassination of Doctor Dollfuss, after which Baron von Hahn hurriedly left Austria.

In Hungary, where he was Press Chief of the German Legation, he tried to engineer a *Putsch* of the Magyar Nazis, but was politely asked to leave the country. He was not exactly expelled, but the circumstances of his departure were reminiscent of an expulsion. He was expelled in the same way from Belgium, and he had to leave Copenhagen also in somewhat of a rush. Everywhere his duty was to spread dissension and to sow the seeds of mutual distrust and confusion amongst internal political parties.

I mention Baron von Hahn because he is a typical example of the German agent who has to prepare Fifth Column activities in a foreign country, and because his case illustrates best the activities and versatility of these organizers. His duty in Holland was twofold: first, he had to cultivate his old acquaintances and thereby promote Nazism; and, second,

through his knowledge of foreign languages he was to promote pacifism and neutrality.

I saw Baron von Hahn frequently in the company of the Reverend Blake, an American clergyman, who was the representative of the Oxford Movement in Scandinavia and Holland. At tea-parties of the Reverend Blake, Baron von Hahn was able to meet high-ranking members of Dutch society, because the Oxford Movement had deep roots in that country and patronizers of it were to be found in all the highest circles. Queen Wilhelmina herself was sympathetic to the aims of the movement. Through these intermediaries, the Queen was assured by important emissaries that Germany had no aim on Holland, so long as Holland adhered to the strictest neutrality. And since Wilhelmina was an ardent peace-lover, it was easy for these agents to encourage her natural instincts.

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MR. H. N. DIXON's many friends in Congregationalism rejoice in the attainment of his eightieth birthday, and in the little volume, *Pen and Pencil*, printed for private circulation. Our readers have already tasted Mr. Dixon's pen productions, but these pencil sketches will surprise and delight all who see them. Queen Eleanor's Crosses at Northampton and Geddington, Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat, and Santa Caterina on Lake Maggiore are a few of the admirably produced illustrations in this volume.

This booklet gives us the opportunity to salute one of Congregationalism's most distinguished laymen. Mr. Dixon is a man of many parts. A graduate in Arts, and a Fellow of the Linnean Society, he is one of the world's greatest authorities on mosses. He has played a great part in the education of deaf and dumb children, and in the establishment of the Bethany Homestead in Northampton, a fine piece of service for the aged in which Baptists and Congregationalists have co-operated.

All these activities do not exhaust Mr. Dixon. In his own church—Doddridge, Northampton—Mr. Dixon has been a leader, and in the work of the County Union and the London Missionary Society he has played a prominent part. A nephew of Dr. Allon, he knows Congregationalism of the Victorian Age as do few—and not the Victorian Age only. The Chairman of the Congregational Union took for the theme of his Address, "The Ordinary Man Speaks". Here we pay a tribute to a far from ordinary layman, whose long life has been spent in the service of God and man. We wish for him and Mrs. Dixon many years of happy life together.

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THE quarter has brought an appreciable number of new readers, though nothing like the 500 we asked for. Some of our subscribers from the beginning have written in alarm and appeal, evidently gathering from our use of the term "war casualty" that our de cease

was imminent. That is not so. But last year we lost money, and we do not want to lose money. This journal has always been independent, and has received no denominational subsidy during its existence. We hope that happy state of affairs may continue; with increased costs that can only be assured through an increased income. We therefore continue to urge our loyal backers, to whom we owe so much, to rope in new subscribers. In our next issue we hope to include Dr. E. L. Allen's "Humanism, Totalitarian and Christian", Dr. H. B. Miner's "Federated Church", and Mr. Edward Champness's "The Adult Educational Venture and Religion".

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WAS it a preacher or a lecturer who paused to remark, "I don't mind your looking at your watches, but I do object to your holding them to your ears to see if they've stopped"?

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PICKED up by the way:

(1) *In Lancashire.* One Sunday two deacons met as they returned home from their respective churches, and began to compare notes. "Our parson's wonderful", said the first, "he preached this morning on a text he's preached from seven times, and he's never repeated himself yet". "That is remarkable", replied the other, "what was the text?" "Now", was the reply, "there you have me"!

(2) *In Yorkshire.* A little girl was rebuked for gabbling her prayers, and told that God couldn't hear if she spoke so quickly. For a few nights she slowed down, and then returned to her former gabble. As she finished she caught sight of her mother's disapproving face; before the rebuke could begin she said solemnly, "And now, Lord, I will repeat at dictation speed".

JAMES RENDEL HARRIS

By Principal W. BARDSLEY BRASH, M.A., B.D., B.Litt.,
Didsbury College, Manchester.

I MET Rendel Harris for the first time at Woodbrooke Settlement in 1907. Here in 1903 he had been appointed Director of Studies. At Woodbrooke he was interpreter to generations of students. To me it was, through his presence, both "The Interpreter's House" and "The House Beautiful". In more senses than one it was true to Bunyan's words, "It stood just by the highway side". *The Times*, in its obituary notice, said that Rendel Harris had no children. This was true literally, but spiritually he had many. His Woodbrooke children dwell in all parts of the world. Since my Woodbrooke days I count him, outside my family circle, life's most priceless treasure. For six years I worked with him at Woodbrooke as a student, and for nearly thirty-five years I have rejoiced in him as a friend. I have stayed in his home. He has dwelt in ours. I have been on holidays with him, I have shared most intimately in his delightful fellowship—by talk, letter, and prayer. Now he has gone: yet he will for ever abide. He has enriched life for so many, and in so many ways. He was so manifold in his activities, so many coloured. He was full of surprises. We never knew what he would say or do next. Yet the saying and the deed would be in character, and would naturally flow from his vivid personality. Would that I could on paper portray him! That is not possible. I will, nevertheless, try to suggest something of his warmth and colour and infinite variety.

He was born at Plymouth in 1852, educated at Plymouth Grammar School, and entered Clare College, Cambridge, in 1870. He was Third Mathematical Wrangler in 1874, and was elected to a Clare College Fellowship in 1875. Suddenly he passed from the study of mathematics to that of the New Testament. He told me that it was the great day of his life when he decided to leave mathematics and give himself to New Testament scholarship, and how much he owed in this direction to the encouragement and influence of Dr. Hort. For ten years he was a Professor in America; for another ten years he was University lecturer in Palaeography at Cambridge; from 1903 to 1918 he was Director of Studies at Woodbrooke; from 1918 to 1925 he was Curator of MSS. at the Rylands Library, Manchester, a task for which he was so eminently qualified, and in which he found great joy; from 1925 he dwelt at Birmingham near to his beloved Woodbrooke. He made many contributions to Biblical scholarship, discovering *The Apology of*

Aristides and *The Odes of Solomon*. He collated, and edited, many manuscripts. His work on the *Codex Bezae* gave a new orientation to New Testament textual criticism and opened up little explored avenues of study. *The Dioscuri in Christian Legend* and *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins* tell of his brilliant work in another field. In 1907 he was President of the Free Church Council, and greatly enriched many churches by his inspiring visits. He was for many years one of the most distinguished of European biblical scholars. But we will leave the cataloguing of his works of scholarship and posts of honour to other pens.

I worked with him, and learnt from him that learning could be as thrilling as an exciting cricket match, or as absorbing as a drama—he brought such eagerness to the study and translation of the text. He was thrilled by the hunt, and he also thrilled you. He made the wilderness and solitary place of some dull Syriac writer rejoice and blossom like the rose. He was fifty-five when I first met him, and full of creative and imaginative power. I watched him at work, at play, in his home, at devotional meetings. I looked and wondered. I have never seen before, or since, such vitality. It was obvious to anyone who met him. I love that remark of a man who was fiercely criticizing Christians. Someone broke in upon his critical disgust and said, "What about Rendel?" He at once replied, "Oh, Rendel is so different; he gets a 'kick' out of his religion". He certainly did.

He was a great explorer, a much-travelled man. One morning I received a note from him saying—"Off to Turkey. Suffering needs me more than Scholarship". He had left his study and gone forth to relieve the Turkish refugees, who had been driven out of Europe into Asia. He had done much before to help the Armenians in days of massacre and terror. Now he had a beautiful revenge, for he could help those who had so cruelly persecuted his old friends. When he went forth on another journey I saw him off at a Liverpool dock. It was a fateful time, for he was torpedoed on his outward voyage, and on his return. As it was winter, and bitterly cold, I said to him, "You had better get into your cabin as quickly as possible". He replied, "I have never pushed myself forward in my life and I am not going to begin now". I told him, "You are like Robinson Crusoe, who, when he returned from his adventures, started on another voyage". "Yes", he replied, "I was born for the journey". Betwixt that parting and our next meeting what deep waters had he crossed! On his home voyage he buried at sea his dear friend, Dr. Moulton. How tender and haunting are his words: "Then I kissed him: and after that the deep"! I met Rendel at New Street Station, Birmingham, on his return. I can see him now as he strode down the platform. But he would not let us welcome him; rather he welcomed us. We

asked him, "Where is your luggage?" Merrily he dangled a life-belt waistcoat and said, "This is all I have". He was as happy as a bird. He had lost all things, but had kept his treasure.

Although a great scholar, who sat long at his desk, he was never sedentary. His life was full of journeyings. He often talked to me of days in the desert. He told me that he camped in the desert with Professor Burkitt, Mrs. Lewis, and Mrs. Gibson (after their finding the Syriac *Sinaiticus*). He was cleaning out his tent; Mrs. Gibson, remembering his discovery of *Aristides*, merrily said to Mrs. Lewis, as she pointed to him, "'Aris-tidies' ". Many of his so telling illustrations were picked up on his journeys. Only one familiar with the heat of the East would have been able to write this revealing sentence: "We can see Paul's earnestness in the fact that he went riding on at noon-day, when most people rest". Once he was on the sea of Galilee with his wife. He saw signs of a storm, for clouds were upon the hills, and said, "Helen, we must get quickly to land, for a storm will soon break". To which his wife replied: "It is all right, Rendel. This is the sea of Jesus. We cannot be drowned on *this* sea".

Yet though he travelled to find things, he once told me that he never found anything when he went out to seek it. This was not altogether true, for although he found *The Odes of Solomon* on a bookshelf in his study, it would not have been there if he had not journeyed. But it was part of the deep meaning of his life and thought, for his greatest discovery was Grace—that all is given—that we find the treasure because God puts it there and gives it to us; that both the journey and the goal are the Lord's. But on what great journeys he fared forth—greater than earthly travels—for he was a spiritual circumnavigator. He entered into deep experiences of divine grace. There was something so eager in his quest for God. He found the Divine revelation in unexpected places. He said to me, "Some of my greatest illuminations have shone upon me in Salvation Army Barracks amidst the clashing of the tambourines". He was ready to learn anywhere, from anyone, and from all kinds of circumstances. Though so learned he could learn from the ignorant: ignorance was no barrier. He often said to me, "The New Testament speaks of the 'God-taught' but never of the 'Self-taught' ". I remember worshipping with him at a tiny chapel in a remote part of Devonshire. The service was conducted by a local preacher. In my blindness it seemed to be dull and dreary. As we came away Rendel told me how much he had been helped by the service, and said, "I liked the young man's earnestness". He had seized upon the one excellence in that young preacher, and had rejoiced. That was typical of him. He received gifts from all. I remember his cook, who was a Primitive Methodist, saying to me, "The Doctor thinks he is a Quaker, but he is

really a 'Primitive' ". I told him this story, he enjoyed it and said, "She is right: I am a *Primitive*". This was true, although not in the way the cook meant. He so often told me to keep near to the early years of the Church, and to go to the source, and there drink of the waters. He believed in the direct method, and loved to quote that saying of Madame Guyon, one of his dearest mystics, "Run your pipe right up to the fountain". This was the way he lived: he loved things to be first hand. The personal interview appealed to him rather than the reported conversation. I told him once that, addressing some undergraduates in Oxford, I had said that often in life we reached right decisions not by arguing, but by gravitating. An undergraduate interjected, "Or by drifting". Rendel Harris said, "How delightful, it is good to know that the puppies are sharpening their teeth". I told him that I was clean bowled by the staccato interjection. He said, "There was an answer. It is always gravitation, when you have a central sun". He certainly had his "central sun".

Once when I called upon him, when he was in age and feebleness extreme, he replied to my question as to his health, "God is my bed-maker, for he maketh my bed in sickness; He gets my meals ready, for He prepares a table before me; He is my *Avant-Courier*, and is getting my new home ready. He has gone to prepare a place for me". He often talked to me of the mystics. He was at home with them, for he was one of them. He bade me watch the heart mystics, rather than the book mystics, who take over the form and scheme of the mystic tradition. He said that he did not like the beginning of their alphabetical scheme—"let 'a' stand for 'a privative' ". How he revelled in the deep mysticism of the hymns of the Wesleys! It was a surprise to me, a Wesleyan, to find that he knew our hymns so much better than I did. He had a great hostility to the Catholic claims, and was a most sturdy Protestant, but this did not lessen his love for the Catholic saints, both of earlier and later days. Some years before Teresa of Lisieux (*L'Enfant Jésus*) was canonized, he loved her, lectured upon her, and wrote an article about her. The poetry of the young saint, and her deep first hand experience, charmed and claimed him.

How gloriously unified was his life. He could pass from laughter to prayer, and from prayer to laughter. There were no barriers between his devotional life and his critical life. They were two facets of the jewel of his personality. James Hope Moulton told me that Rendel Harris, whom he styled in a letter to me, 'The most inspiring man I know', attended with him an International Conference of Religions at Oxford. There were five savants discussing together in a room in Lincoln College, Harris and Moulton amongst them. Unexpectedly Rendel Harris said, "We are tired with debating; let us have a little quiet", and they prayed to-

gether. It was a simple and natural transition to Rendel Harris. When Professor Swete said that criticism should not intrude into *John* 17, the intercessory prayer of Jesus, Rendel Harris replied, "The critic can go anywhere, if he will take his shoes off". When I told this to James Hope Moulton, he at once replied, "Rendel Harris never has his shoes on". Rendel once told me that nothing had pleased him more than the remark of a Norwegian student, who said, "Dr. Harris is the only man who can laugh and pray at the same time". He said "The Isles of the Blessed" and "The Many Mansions" may be equated. As in some ancient Christian churches you may find amongst the statues of Christian saints those of pagan deities, so it was in the shrine of his life. He always kept his central divinity, but did not close the door of his temple against pagan intruders. In a letter to me he wrote, "We gave the ministers a discussion on 'God and Beauty', in which Shelley slipped into the assembly under the ropes, and no one asked for his ticket". Someone once asked him whom he would be most eager to welcome, after the Master, on the other side. He replied, "Homer, I think—then Shakespeare". After the death of a rationalist, a dear friend of his, with whom he had done much scholarly work, someone said to him that he was surprised that he could work in such close harmony with one holding such opposite opinions to his own, without becoming involved in religious argument. His reply was: "My friend was one who walked with Jesus on the road to Emmaus, but his eyes were holden, and he knew Him not. He missed a lot of happiness, and needed an extra lot of love, because he couldn't find God in this world. He has found Him now". Differing strands—the Congregationalist (he was of that Church until he was nearly thirty) and the Quaker—are woven in his character, as his words witness: "I sometimes say that if I had lived three hundred years ago, I should have fought at Naseby, and joined the Society of Friends *afterwards*".

Few minds have entertained and loved so many seemingly conflicting persons. He loved St. John and Homer; Keats and John Newton; Madame Guyon and Billy Bray; John Bunyan and Teresa of Lisieux; Cowper and "Uncle Remus". They had never all met before until they found themselves at home in his company. How intensely he worked, and how quietly he rested and waited for the illumination. When staying with him for the week-end, if we asked him at breakfast on Sunday if he would be speaking at the "Friends' Meeting", he would reply, "I don't know". But he always went into his study for quiet and pondered, and at the meeting gave a carefully prepared, and yet also spontaneous address. It was a parable of his life. He was ready, but not willing to speak until the live coal had touched his tongue; garbed for the journey, but not willing to address himself to it, until sent. He was an

internationalist, tolerant, with few prejudices, yet with a central and absolute loyalty to Christ. He said, "There is no substitute for Jesus. We cannot withdraw His name from a hymn, or slip another in, without dire loss". He said, "We may not sing, 'How sweet the name of *Moses* sounds', neither may we pray, 'Let me hide myself in *myself*'".

Each Monday morning for many years he conducted the devotional service at Woodbrooke, and gave an address. What peeps into heaven those mornings gave us! How joyous and hilarious he was. What a love he showed for certain hymns, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds", "Begone, unbelief", "Come, ye that love the Lord". I can see him now seated on the platform beating time to some old familiar tune, as merry and as happy as a sand-boy. He revealed that virtue of the Early Church called "gladness" in the *Acts*, which he translated "Jumping-for-Joyness". How wonderful were those addresses, and how varied! How the light flashed upon the word; what an Eldorado of treasures he brought forth from his heart and mind! He showed us the wonders of grace. Nowhere else have we heard messages so tenderly and beautifully evangelical. They still live in our lives, like a lingering fragrance. We also have lived in a heavenly Arcady.

How picturesque was his language; there was so little of the abstract; he was a painter and a poet. He could say so many things which would be etched upon your mind forever. "When you get to my time of life, you do not reckon the journey by mile-stones but by grave stones". He once advised ministers not to be platitudinarians, nor latitudinarians, nor attitudinarians, but to be "Beatitudinarians". He never wrote a letter without his personality being impressed upon it. Here is a quotation from a letter he wrote to me about Bunhill Fields:

If there is to be a special last day, after the Johannean fashion, there will have to be a special archangel told off to collect saints in Bunhill Fields, and if the dead in Christ first rise, the place will be as full of holes as a medieval missal, when swart paynims pray; it will have to be a musical archangel too, for when the clods begin to stir and the stones to wobble, the saints will begin again to warble. Isaac Watts will be moving the Church again with "There is a land of pure delight", and old Shrubsall at the far end will ask whether the time is not come to sing "Crown Him Lord of all" to the tune of *Miles Lane*, which is on his tombstone; while Master Hart from his adjacency, and with a doubtful glance at the Arminian building (Wesley's Chapel) across the way, will console himself on the resurrection morn by singing soft and low, and ever so sweet, that

not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Good old Bunhill! Almost every sod a song.

Even his beloved William Cowper could not have written a letter more charming than that!

He told us that the words, "Give us this day our daily discovery", were a true prayer, though not canonical. He lived in the strength of these words. In a letter to me he said:

Fresh discoveries knock at my door—every day and every night. I am making discoveries all the time. They fall around my tent like the manna, and it is only rarely that any of them go bad and stink.

There was something of Puck about him. He telegraphed to me that he could not come to a certain meeting. The telegraphic message was one word, *Lumbago*. His addresses at times were impish: I remember how he introduced a quotation from Wordsworth with the words, "The man who lied about us in our infancy". They were at the same time so alive with spiritual insight: they had background. They were full of the treasures of his wide reading and daily discoveries; there was always in them the magic casements. They were all so fresh and vital. Many of these addresses are to be found in *The Guiding Hand of God* (1905), *Aaron's Breastplate* (1908), *Sufferings and the Glory* (1914), *As Pants the Hart* (1924). These, together with his earliest work, *Memoranda Sacra* (1892), and *Union With God* (1895), give us one of the richest pastures of devotional literature. We dare to say that these books can claim a place in *classic* devotional literature.

He was a free man, for he knew the glorious liberty of the children of God. He told me that when he was at Cambridge he entered into a deep experience of evangelical freedom. At that time he was an undergraduate living out of College; his landlady's boy coming in to see him, Rendel Harris said to him, "How old are you?" The little boy with a lisp answered, "I am f-three". Rendel Harris replied, "Thank the Lord I am *free* too". He never lost what he found then. Some little time before his death he said to me, "I have a growing familiarity with the geography of the banks of this side Jordan". Now he knows the land on the other side. We may quote of him the words which he so fervently loved, "So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side". When he passed over he was in his ninetieth year. His "removal" (to use his own word about the death of a friend) tells of a long life nobly lived, and of a triumphal entry into the company of the saints. At his funeral service I recalled the words which he had spoken at the funeral of a child, in the same

cemetery, "Your child is not here; this is the emptiest place in Birmingham". There was but a short space betwixt him and heaven. I remember his coming late to a class and saying, "I am sorry to be late, but I have just been to see a dear friend off". In my ignorance I said, "Have you been to the station?" He replied, "No, I have just come from a bedside where I saw a friend off to heaven". We love his beautiful remark, "Never worry about the way to heaven. Always remember it is a personally conducted tour". He once said, "When I die, do not sing 'Now the labourer's task is o'er'. Give me a few minutes, and I shall be fresh once again". When my father died he wrote these words to me, "Report reaches me that your father has been called home. No, I won't use black-edged paper, nor a black-edged hymn book, nor a black-edged creed! 'Parents passed into the sky' is a good degree, and the occasion is one in which we don't have to pray, 'Lord increase our faith', because it increases of itself, and grows mightily and flames with new spangled ore". He was a pilgrim, he knew the pilgrim way and the pilgrim speech. He had experimentally entered into the meaning of the words of Bunyan, which he so dearly loved to chant:

The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose windows opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

That was his secret, it was the source of his two most characteristic qualities—vitality and peace. He never lost that song. It is now a nobler and a sweeter song. It *was* the song of a singer seeking a city; it *is* now the song of one who has reached the Jerusalem of his love. Let us listen to the words of this pilgrim:

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek the one that is to come".

I believe I have had this for a life text as often as any in the Bible. I have written it in visitors' books, at home and abroad, in the registers of monasteries, where I have sojourned, at homes to which I have been made welcome. If one expected to have so foolish a thing as a grave stone this text might well be inscribed thereon.

His faith is now lost in sight. Our dear teacher, and so beloved a friend, has found that continuing city—the City of God.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.¹

1 Thess. 4¹³: But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

The enigmatical daughter of an old-fashioned rationalist recently wrote the biography of an ex-Quaker who had evaporated into a peculiarly precious highbrow. No reasonable man has any right to complain if he reads such a book without entertainment and without profit. But as the toad, ugly and venomous (if we are to believe Shakespeare), wears yet a precious jewel in his head, so even in the books written by highbrows about highbrows we may find sermons, or if not sermons at least an introduction to one sermon. What then does Virginia Woolf, in her life of Roger Fry, tell us about funerals?

Roger Fry, we are told, went to the cremation of the body of McTaggart, and found the ceremony, with the coffin moving by hidden mechanism through doors, "this up-to-date, hygienic, scientific machine-made and machine-worked disposal of the body", "ten times more impressive, more really symbolic than that age-long consecrated business of earth to earth—with the ugliness of the big hole". With this innocent preference for cremation let no Christian quarrel merely because it is vulgarly expressed. Fry presently moves to more treacherous ground when he adds that at McTaggart's funeral there was read from Spinoza: "'The free man thinks less of death than of anything else; and all his wisdom is the contemplation of life' or very nearly that. So for once", Fry concludes, "the right thing was said".

It is of course characteristic of that very superior person, Roger Fry, and of his biographer, that one of them should misquote Spinoza and that the other should spell McTaggart's name twice differently in the same paragraph and misdate his funeral by a decade. But it is even more characteristic of their ignorance that they should be unaware that in the despised Christian burial rites, "that age-long consecrated business of earth to earth", Spinoza's sensible advice to mourners—to concern themselves rather with life than with death—is repeated thrice. Twice it is turned into a prayer and once it is buttressed by a substantial and reasoned argument. One of the proper psalms ends, "Shew thy servants thy work: and their children thy glory. And the glorious Majesty of the Lord our God be upon us: prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O prosper thou our handywork". And the Lesson ends: "Therefore,

¹ A sermon preached in Cheshunt College Chapel on Friday, February 7th, 1941, by Bernard Manning, M.A.

my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord". And the concluding prayer asks: "We meekly beseech thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness". Had Roger Fry troubled to spend two minutes in reading the Prayer Book before spending twenty-two in denouncing it, he would have spared his biographer the humiliation of recording his ignorance, and you the nuisance of hearing it exploded.

In some places I should mention this incident merely for the innocent pleasure of scoring off solemn pretentious ignorance; but in this place I mention it for a serious reason. I mention it to point out that Roger Fry is perhaps not to be blamed too harshly for ignorance of the traditional Christian burial service; for he might have attended a large number of funerals (at least in Cambridge) and still be no better informed about it. The pursuance of my duties as a College officer takes me to many funerals, and the melancholy impressions that I have gathered are my justification for choosing this subject. The record of most modern funeral services that I attend is a record of lost opportunities. If I seem to speak more of Anglican services than of our own, that is simply because my duties happen to take me to more of those, and I wish to speak of what I know.

May I begin, then, by reminding you that the funeral service still gives by far the most important and by far the most frequent opportunity which the Church has of making direct contact with the people outside her borders? We are always lamenting (and we do well to lament) the difficulty of getting into touch with the indifferent outsider, the man who feels no need of the Gospel, the man who will not even suffer the Church to state the good news in his hearing, the man who has totally secularized his Sunday, the man who cuts off the wireless at least when a service is broadcast. There is one occasion, and as far as I know one occasion only, when the Church can still get a hearing from this man, an occasion when he is often purged by sorrow of his hard self-confidence and is almost ready to receive the good and comfortable words of the faith. That occasion is a funeral. But here, too, the sands are running out for us. Even among Christians fashion more and more discourages attendance at funerals, and we may soon lose this last point of contact with the man in the street. Is it not then of more than ordinary importance to ask what use we make of these few minutes when we confront Everyman with the elemental tragedy of life and death, and can say to him the best that has been given us to know concerning God and man, concerning our life here and hereafter?

Now I do not wish to speak censoriously, but I stand amazed at

the way in which this opportunity is often missed. If we considered seriously what the effectual presentation of the Christian hope at such an hour might mean to souls never to be so receptive again, should we tolerate, for instance, the squalor and gloom of the average cemetery chapel? The average cemetery chapel is a place quite perfectly calculated to reduce to a minimum any chance that the burial rites may bring comfort or power or inspiration to anyone. It is a place quite perfectly calculated to give the impression that even the ministers of religion do not think very seriously or care very deeply about the ministrations of religion at the supreme crisis in life. If we considered seriously and felt deeply, should we suffer the last and most intimate rites at the graveside to be made hideous by the casual and unconsidered appearance of the hireling gravedigger, torn for a moment from his duties to throw earth on the coffin? Often he appears dressed more like a butcher than one who is sharing in a sacred duty. Almost always he is obviously unmoved, as of course (poor man!) he must be. I know that we cannot rebuild cemetery chapels. They are the dreadful legacy of nineteenth century sectarian malice. I know that we cannot provide decent taste for burial authorities and borough committees. But we can make sure that, at least in the hour when we officiate in a cemetery chapel, it shall look like the house of God and not like a bankrupt garage. We can provide, at least when we officiate, a proper substitute for the gravedigger. The gravedigger cannot be blamed because he is suitably dressed for dirty manual labour and not for the work of an assistant to the minister; but the church which permits this unseemliness at such a moment can be blamed, and must be blamed.

These, I know you will say, are trivial matters. Then it is a trivial matter to put them right. Do so. Faithfulness in little things is not a little thing.

Let us pass to weightier matters: to the words in which the Church offers comfort and faith to the mourners. What is it that the Church has to say in the name of her Lord to the broken-hearted who mourn for their dead and, like Rachel, will not be comforted "because they are not"? The Church, I suggest, has at least three things to say. I illustrate them in the first place from the once familiar office for the Burial of the Dead in the Book of Common Prayer. I do this, not because I think that office perfect, but because to some of us it is still familiar and because it has very great merits.

If we neglect detail, the first great thing that the Prayer Book does is the first great thing that any burial service should do: it strikes the note of reality and the note of sincerity by admitting the pathos, the ugliness, the cruelty, yes and the horror, of death, the last enemy, the king of terrors. A few ecstatic persons like St.

Francis may be able to say sincerely, "Welcome, sister death"; but on the lips of most of us those words would ring with humbug—pious humbug, perhaps, but humbug nevertheless. We do not read that even St. Francis welcomed the death of other people as his sister. We do read that at the grave of His friend, "Jesus wept". And so the Prayer Book most rightly suggests in the early part of the service *Psalm* 90, which we have just said and of which I need only now recount the Authorized Version summary: "Moses, setting forth God's providence, complaineth of human fragility, divine chastisements, and brevity of human life". Be we what we will, that is our first thought as we approach the grave of our friend.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death².

It is a most natural thought for man; and, since God made our nature, a most proper protest and revolt.

He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him.

He remembers perhaps the happy garden without the shadow of mortality on it. At least as he looks back to his own childhood before the shadow of mortality fell on that, some natural tears he drops. When new wounds lacerate the heart, the heart cries for no soft words to disguise its grief. It knows its own bitterness and the terror of its triumphant enemy. You insult the true mourner if you offer to him anything less poignant than his own sorrow. You must begin with what he can recognize as reality if you are to win his confidence, if you are to have a chance of helping him; and, with the genius that comes from her long experience with the souls of men, the Church chooses an opening for her rites which does not make the mistake of attempting to disguise the savageness of the ancient enemy of man.

In Sir Walter Raleigh's Bible, after his execution, they found verses which, with *Psalm* 90, lament the pathos and brevity of our life, but in the last two lines turn bravely to the Christian hope:

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
And in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

To this "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life

² *Measure for Measure*, III. I.

through our Lord Jesus Christ'' the service next takes us in the second great division, the burial lesson from *1 Cor.* 15. Here it is that, having won the confidence of the mourner (whether or not he be a believer) by recognizing without flinching and without humbug the dire fact of death, the Church adds to that statement of the problem and that complaint of mortality the peculiar answer of the Christian Gospel. It is an answer that rings like a trumpet down the ages. It wakens the echoes in every tomb. The answer, you note, is not that general hope of immortality which may be described as a part of natural religion. That general hope, since it comes indeed from God, the Author of Nature, is not to be despised or belittled; but the answer to our complaints offered in the Prayer Book is the more specifically Christian answer, and therefore the more sure and more certain hope. The answer offered in the Prayer Book is the resurrection of Christ and our resurrection in Him. In the most direct way the unique message of the Gospel is presented, the message that men can hear only when the Name of Jesus is preached, the message that is Revelation in the narrow sense: He was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; and "because I live, ye shall live also". *Ps.* 39 and *Ps.* 90 lamented that in Adam all die. *1 Cor.* 15 proclaims that in Christ shall all be made alive. "By Christ's resurrection", says the Authorized Version chapter summary, "he proveth the necessity of our resurrection". That—whether you get it from *1 Cor.* 15 or from some other part of Holy Scripture—is what you need in the second part of the service; and it is the merit of the Prayer Book that you do get that.

We are now ready for the third stage. The Church has recognized to the full the reality and the desperate agony of our sorrow. She has set beside this the risen Redeemer. Now she turns to our dead and to us: to inter our dead and to comfort us (in the full meaning of that word *comfort*). Here, in the burial anthem, *Man that is born of woman*, in the words of committal, *Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God*, and in the final prayers you will note again the daring strength which holds together the human dread of death, the fruit of sin, and the glorious gospel of immortality in the news of Christ's resurrection. Some people have criticized the prayer to be delivered from "the bitter pains of eternal death" and "not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee", as unworthy of Christian trust in the Father. Happy indeed are those who have not yet needed this prayer. Let them not grudge it to them that have stood by the pit of hell. That prayer is but the reverse side of St. Paul's desire that "by any means" he may attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

Will you now turn back and note one thing which we omitted? We omitted the opening sentences with which the body is met as it is carried into the church. The service begins with a summary of

all that is to be said and done: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord". The whole Gospel is there, and at that moment, as the service begins, we want it, we want it all, and we want it quickly. Are we to admire more in the classical liturgies the knowledge of the human heart that lies behind them or the knowledge of the unsearchable riches of Christ? The longer you live with them, the more extensive the knowledge of each sort is seen to be.

These, then, are the three elements of Christian burial: a statement of what death means, a statement of the good news of life and immortality brought to light by the resurrection of Christ, and a presentation of our dead and of ourselves before God for His mercy. It is only a very late and a very corrupt development which turned the Eucharist, at which most rightly we remember those who were once partakers at the Holy Table, into a sacrifice for the living and the dead. That very late and very corrupt development belongs to the ages of darkness, not to primitive or to catholic Christianity.

Do not suppose that I criticize or deplore all additions to the Prayer Book service. Do not suppose that I criticize or deplore every alternative way of doing the three things which that service does. Far, very far, from it. If we know what we are about, it is the glory of free prayer and of living liturgy to find new ways. It is only the illiterate of the Dark Ages who must be tied to one frozen form of words and gestures. The illiterate of the Dark Ages are indeed very properly tied to one form of words and gestures, because it is certain that anything which they do for themselves they will do amiss. Most of the varieties which we Dissenters have introduced into the Prayer Book service, as far as they are sound, do but make more real, do but bring home to the bosoms of ordinary men, one or other of the three elements of the Prayer Book service. We cannot give too much care to our attempts to achieve this result, thinking of each congregation of mourners afresh and for itself, and remembering that we speak on every occasion to some who will probably never hear the word of the Gospel at any other time.

It may well be that the lesson from *1 Cor.* 15 is not for all congregations the most effectual presentation of the blessed hope of everlasting life which God has given us in Jesus Christ our Lord. We must only applaud any successful attempt to make that presentation clearer; but we must examine narrowly and jealously any change which robs the service of a great tradition without making the presentation clearer. Some advise us to replace *1 Cor.* 15 by *2 Cor.* 5; but I confess that I doubt if St. Paul's word-play about being clothed, unclothed, and clothed upon with our house which is from heaven is noticeably simpler than the great analogy which comprises those very familiar things, *bare grain, it may chance of wheat*, the flesh of fishes, and the glory of the stars.

Then there is the address at the burial service, so usual among us Dissenters and so cheaply criticized by some people outside our borders. I make no sort of apology for it: its critics do not deserve an answer. Though it can be dreadfully bad, if it is done carelessly or conventionally, it can bring comfort as almost nothing else can when the pastor speaks to his flock with the knowledge and the affection that only a true shepherd can have for the sheep. What, when all is said, is the much criticized address but a legitimate gloss on the words in the committal, *our dear brother here departed?*

The great funeral hymns, whether they be *Dies Irae* of the medieval Church, or *Jesu, Lover* or *There is a land of pure delight* of the modern Church, do but emphasize the meaning of the burial anthem, *Man that is born of a woman*. They emphasize and interpret its meaning in a way that is peculiarly useful and peculiarly helpful for most people. Note especially that as we sing such hymns at a funeral we join ourselves with our dead in the sight of God, and with them make one prayer which is a communion of saints.

Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Whose soul?

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

Who is *I* in that verse when it is sung at a funeral? It is every Christian soul. It is, more particularly, you and your friend.

Such deep words of penitent humiliation on our own behalf, and on that of the person whose body is now to be removed from our sight, are a fitting termination to the last hour which is spent in the actual presence of those with whom we have, perhaps, spent many hours which need the mercy of God³.

But, though we Dissenters expand and confirm the Prayer Book Office in this way, we do more than that; for we remember in some hymns what the Prayer Book almost (but not quite) forgets: we come before God with our dead not only in penitence and humiliation, but also in triumph and in the assurance of the beatific vision. To our funeral services we commonly add a higher note of triumph than is reached in the third and most personal part of the Prayer Book service. In doing this we are more faithful to primitive catholic tradition than is the over-restrained and almost smothered confidence of Cranmer's service.

Let me conclude by warning you against modifications of the wrong sort: modifications which do not emphasize, heighten, clarify, or make more familiar the great elemental truths, but reduce, blunt, shade off, and minimize them into unsubstantial

³ J. H. Blunt in *The Annotated Book of Common Prayer*, 1884, p. 480: The Burial Anthem.

generalizations. For examples of this wrong sort of modification you have but to attend any Anglican funeral where rustic simplicity does not preserve the true form of the Book of Common Prayer. The Prayer Book rite is modified in every kind of way, most of the modifications being of the wrong kind. The result is that the Christian hope is presented less effectually than it might be at the supreme moment.

What are the common, deplorable modifications? First, there is a blinking at the fact of death. This occurs when the first section of the service is, in effect, omitted by substituting for *Ps. 39* and *Ps. 90* other psalms of a different character. These changes no doubt had their origin in a commendable desire to "spare the feelings" of the mourners; but no mourner is helped, and no one without God and without hope in the world is waked to the glory of the Gospel, by a mere failure to face the reality of death. It is, when all is said, the reality of death that makes any burial service necessary. There is much to be said for adding, as most Dissenters do add, many other passages of Holy Scripture to those suggested in the Prayer Book, *e.g.*, *Ps. 23*, *Nunc Dimittis*, *John 14*, to mention only a few; but there is nothing to be said for substituting psalms which are a mere commendation of the character of the deceased in awkward and irrelevant language, *e.g.*, *Ps. 15*, *Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?* This sort of thing is Pelagianism at its worst.

Second, there is a blinking at the fact of the Resurrection. The merit of *1 Cor. 15* is that it does deal with the matter in hand in the simplest and the most direct manner. St. Paul knew what the hearts of men are like when he wrote "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up?". At any burial service there is always "some man" saying precisely that; and that man is sadly disappointed in the Church if he gets no answer. He thanks God not a little if the Church, in the Name of the Son of God Whom death could not hold, can say to him in his doubts and fears, "Thou fool: now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept".

To replace this proclamation of the Resurrection of Christ by some general hope of immortality culled from *The Wisdom of Solomon* or by the allegory of "the golden city pictured in the legends old"—this is to offer to the broken-hearted only half, or less than half, of the good words and comfortable words that we have. The mourner is not to be put off with descriptions of the architecture and climate of the New Jerusalem. It is not in the golden streets and the pearly gates that he must confide, but in the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. As the mourning travellers in the medieval Easter play used to say, so say the modern mourners: "Your words please us, your words which you speak

about the resurrection of our Master''. Christ's holy Gospel has more to offer to the mourner than an allegorical city and the natural hope of immortality: why then do so many variants from the Prayer Book service offer only these? Again, I repeat, I plead for no particular form of words but only for the firm foundation on which the Christian hope is built. It is the man who prays, "Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death'', it is he who goes on to sing,

Again we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joys;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Raptures that shall never fail;
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian festival.

Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms outrode,
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow-prisoner free?—
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the haven of the skies?
Can we weep to see the tears
Wiped for ever from his eyes?

No, dear companion, no;
We gladly let thee go,
From a suffering church beneath,
To a reigning church above:
Thou hast more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

The same pen today which strikes out the bitter pains of eternal death strikes out also the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. It may offer in compensation a somewhat wearisome repetition of the prayer, "Grant unto him eternal rest"; eternal rest is indeed a blessing, but it is only a minor part of the sure and certain hope of resurrection in Christ.

We cannot all rise at once to the primitive catholic felicity of Charles Wesley's confident verses; but we shall never even get ourselves upon the road to that felicity unless we face simply the fact of death and the doctrine of the faith. It is by words that admit the tragedy of death (for death is a tragedy whenever and however it comes) that you will comfort the bereaved. It is by

plainly throwing down the challenge of Easter that you will show to the unbeliever something of the unsearchable riches of Christ and, in Dante's phrase, "how dear it costeth not to follow Christ⁴". It is as we face the corruption, the dishonour, the weakness of the natural body, not as insignificant but as tragic, that we can catch at the other half of the Apostle's triumphant argument: "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly".

⁴ *Paradiso*, XX, 47.

The fact that new translations of the Bible continue to appear is a tribute to its abiding worth. Interesting as is *The New Testament in Basic English* (Cambridge Press, 8s. 6d.; Pocket, 3s. & 3s. 6d.), we doubt whether it will replace the established modern English versions. "Basic English" is a courageous experiment, but it has seriously handicapped itself by the limitation of the verbs employed to twelve only: the rejection of a verb like "know" leads to circumlocutions which are clumsy and irritating. Nobody will believe that "I made use of a child's language" is better than "I spake as a child"; the emphasis on nouns rather than verbs constantly leads to this kind of thing. For this translation a few extra words have been added to the 850 words "Basic English" normally employs, and there are passages, perhaps especially in some of the Pauline Epistles, where the resulting simplification of vocabulary is welcome and helpful. But on the whole, in contrast with the *A.V.* or with Moffatt, "Basic English" is a loser. It is clear, however, that the translators are competent scholars.

The Rev. H. G. Marsh's **The Origin and Significance of the New Testament Baptism* (Manchester Univ. Press, 7s. 6d.) is so useful a sketch that at the end we are constrained to say that we must return to it and examine its arguments step by step, with the Greek text before us and books of reference handy. Mr. Marsh will not satisfy those who want to know the exact relation between Christian baptism and the mysteries, on the one hand, and the *tebilah*, on the other. But evidence is scanty and sometimes conflicting, and the scholar wisely declines to be dogmatic. Mr. Marsh discusses "The Rite of John the Baptist" and the various features of early Christian Baptism. At a later stage we may be able to examine some of his conclusions; here we can only state the main one—"the value is not in the act but in the faith in Him through Whom the baptismal experience is achieved". Baptism, that is to say, was in its origin associated with the prophetic and not the priestly side of religion—what the early Church sought was not a rite but an experience, the fulfilment of the promise of the Spirit.

MUSIC IN THE FREE CHURCHES.

By W. H. ROWE, A.R.C.O.

AT a very early date in his evolution as a thinking being Man perceived, perhaps dimly, the relation existing between rhythmical sounds and his own "feelings". He became aware, although possibly in an indefinite way, of the ability of music to express, to convey, and to excite emotional stimuli of various kinds and degrees. As his power of language increased, the association of words with music followed until gradually he realized the power of music to heighten and increase the emotional contents of the words. He may not have been able to explain it or to understand it, but that he raised his voice in song indicates his awareness of the fact. To him music was a natural and spontaneous thing like talking or laughing. In all that he did music would appear as a normal and natural function; and in consequence the association of music with religious practices followed as a perfectly natural and spontaneous thing.

We find ample evidence that this was so, not only in the life of primitive peoples, but in the ancient civilizations of the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Babylonians, and the Hebrews. When, therefore, the early Christian Fathers adopted the use of music for ecclesiastical purposes they had both a natural and an historical basis for so doing.

Music is by no means a static or lifeless thing, but as the mind and spirit of man through time change and grow, so music ever adjusts itself to conform to the new thought of man: it is very susceptible to vital influences operating in the life of mankind, and the musical conditions which we find today are the result of factors which have operated in the past.

It follows that the correct approach to a proper understanding and appreciation of music in the Free Churches today must be an historical one. Moreover, if we can see the streams of life and thought which have led from the past to the present, we shall be the more likely to see the direction of the future.

* * *

The corrupt and decadent condition of the Church in the 15th and early 16th centuries is well known; at such times there are always to be found some Daniels, men who seek an unclouded light and have the courage to follow their vision.

Whatever may be said about its political aspects, the Reformation was the culmination of great spiritual forces which had long been gathering momentum. The persecution of the Separatists, the

tyranny of Laud and Clarendon, and the vacillation of James II were not the causes of Nonconformity, but were incidents designed, but without success, to stem the tide of a tremendous movement which had its origin in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The aim of the movement was not the formation of a new religion but the release of the old faith from the encrustations which had gathered about it. It was a movement towards a new freedom—freedom from those things which had been super-imposed upon the true apostolic tradition and freedom from those things which impeded the free manifestation of divine grace.

In the matter of worship this new spirit took form in freedom from elaborate ceremonial, freedom from a priestly domination, and freedom from man-made limitations. Worship became simple, direct, and free; and it is from this fundamental basis that our present tradition arises.

There was a revolt from elaborate choral ritual, rigidity of form, and from the idea that the priest was a necessary intermediary between man and God. The effect of this was, in some cases such as the early Baptists and Quakers, to bring about the total abolition of music from worship. In other of the Independent Churches music was retained but relegated to an inferior position. But it was not long before most churches realized the value of music and made use of it to a greater or lesser extent. This trend was given a strong impetus by Wesley, who made great use of music, while both John and Charles Wesley were prolific writers of hymns.

The strong evangelical bias of the Free Churches has also had its influence on the music, not only as regards the type and nature of the music used, but also in the shifting of the focal point in worship from music to preaching.

Another factor which has left its mark is the fact that the early Nonconformists were compelled by persecution to meet, often secretly, in small numbers and under conditions which, to say the very least, must have limited the use of music.

The result of these various influences was naturally and inevitably to make music in the services congregational in nature.

One is led, therefore, to the conclusion that the tradition of the Free Churches finds expression in their peculiar contribution to church music—an emphasis on the value of congregational singing; for the future one feels that, whatever other use of music we may make in our churches, our emphasis and our primary endeavour should still follow in the same direction. The future does not lie in imitations of other Churches either in form or substance, but in the development and extension of our own special powers and gifts.

Although, as has been shown, the emphasis in the Free Churches is on the individual worshipper, this by no means implies

that there is no place for choirs of trained singers or for choral music. The church choir is, on the contrary, a most valuable institution, and in the future will have a big part to play. Whereas in a ritualistic service it is a body apart from the congregation and performs a function of which the main body of worshippers is but a witness, in a Free Church the choir is essentially a part of the congregation—that part which, by reason of its training and practice, has undertaken, firstly to lead the singing of the remainder of the congregation, and secondly to perform certain music of a purely choral nature which, if used as supplementary to and not in place of congregational singing, is an asset which we should be foolish to reject.

The freedom of the Free Churches is such that while they are free to make the maximum use of the tradition which has been handed down to them, they are also free to break away from any practice which might appear to have lost its usefulness. They are also free to adopt such new methods as may be of value. A tradition which has stood the test of time for three centuries must not be discarded lightly, but it must not hold the future in chains.

* * *

Any consideration of the state of affairs today is made difficult by the fact that conditions throughout the country and in individual churches vary considerably.

It is too early yet to estimate the full effect of the present war on church life, but many choirs are finding it most difficult to carry on. Some choir leaders realize that unless they can prevent the cracking of the structure damage will be done which will take many years to repair. It is a fallacy to believe that after the war things will start again at the point where they left off.

Although, as has been said, conditions vary, yet there are certain things which are true of at any rate a large number of churches.

The most apparent fact is the general falling off in church attendance. This particularly applies to the younger people from whom the choir expects to draw most of its recruits. In these days fewer people show a desire to make music themselves. The piano in the home has largely been replaced by the wireless, and singing in the church choir has suffered from that same indifference which in many districts has sent so many choral societies into oblivion. In past days the choir practice, quite apart from its religious significance, was an evening's enjoyment and a semi-social event. To many people it still is this, but some find other attractions. Not only, therefore, are congregations smaller, but a smaller percentage is willing to undertake choir work.

The wireless and the gramophone would appear so far to have decreased rather than increased practical musical effort among the

masses, but they have, on the other hand, created a very much higher standard of judgment and appreciation. This increased critical judgment is all to the good, but it represents a definite challenge alike to pulpit, choir stall, and pew.

Some years ago the writer was invited to play the organ at a Methodist Hall in a poor district of one of our provincial towns. There was a good choir and a fairly large congregation, and the memory of the singing remains as a vivid recollection and as an example of what can be achieved. It was not that the singing was of the boisterous "hearty" type, nor would it have passed a choral expert, but everybody sang, and sang to the best of his ability with a sincerity and an enjoyment which could not be mistaken. Probably many must have felt that in this corporate act of worship the grey dullness of their everyday lives had been lightened.

We cannot, unfortunately, say the same of the singing in many of our churches. Often the musical part of the service is weak and dull, and so cold that instead of lifting up men and women it only depresses them. How can a minister be expected to give his best when he has to lead the worship in such an atmosphere? There is no doubt that these conditions are due in some respects to those general conditions which have been mentioned. The difficult problem of finding remedies is engaging the thought of some of the finest brains of the day and is, in any case, beyond the scope of this survey. Nevertheless, the trouble is not entirely a matter of depleted numbers, and there are various points which might be considered with advantage.

Some of the problems facing choirs have been mentioned, and in different churches conditions are not always the same. Some choirs experience a shortage of men, especially under war conditions, and when this means incomplete or unbalanced parts it is a real difficulty. In some cases this may be overcome by the introduction of two or three part anthems for ladies only. To omit all choral music from the service will make it difficult to retain the interest and enthusiasm of the choir. A certain proportion of young "improvers" is to be encouraged as it is from them that the choir of the future will be formed. Sometimes irregular attendance makes regular Sunday anthems almost an impossibility for small choirs. In such cases special periodic efforts, although they have their dangers and disadvantages, may be just the means of holding the choir together. Each choirmaster will have to consider how he can make the maximum use of his material and how he can prevent his choir from falling to pieces.

When the singing is spiritless and the service dull many members of the congregation are always ready to blame the choir, the organist, or the minister, but rarely do they ask themselves whether there is anything they can do to improve matters! Several

things *they* might consider. Do people always realize that singing should be a spontaneous expression of feeling and that we must sing not only with our vocal organs but with our hearts and minds? Perhaps it is partly due to the undemonstrative nature of English people, but many folk sing such a phrase as "Praise my soul the King of Heaven" in precisely the same manner and tone of voice as they would say, "Pass me the salt, please". How much better it would be if everyone would let the words grip their imagination and then let themselves give free and natural expression to their feelings.

In passing it may be said that usually it is preferable that all congregational singing should be in unison. The range of most hymn tunes is such as to make this possible for the majority of voices. Isolated attempts at part singing are liable to be more disturbing than helpful.

Another factor worth considering is the tendency of a congregation in a church many times too large for it to scatter itself all over the building. It is a small point, but it often has a very definite effect on the singing. At the same time many people show great modesty about occupying the front seats! The result of these empty spaces between worshippers and of sitting as far away as possible from the choir and organ is inevitably to reduce the effectiveness of the music. Sympathy may be felt for those who, for one reason or another, prefer this or that part of the church, but sometimes a little self-sacrifice in this respect might mean a lot to all concerned.

The effect of this isolation of the individual and of the congregation in relation to the choir is not only physical or even musical: it is liable to lessen the sense of corporate fellowship which is the essence of worship and creates the illusion that the choir is a body apart from the rest of the congregation. This possible hiatus between the choir and the other worshippers is particularly harmful, as it is only through the combined efforts of all that the best results can be achieved. In this respect an occasional joint practice of choir and congregation can be very beneficial. Not only does it enable the members of the congregation to know more about the music they are singing, but it assists to create a sense of mutual understanding and sympathy between them and the choir and emphasizes their oneness.

The choice of unsuitable music is a frequent cause of poor singing; this leads us to consider briefly the music which we employ or could employ in our services.

In all the Free Churches hymns form the principal type of music used for congregational singing, and no doubt they will continue to do so. They offer certain very obvious advantages, and there is now an enormous selection available. In pre-

Reformation days congregational singing was largely limited to the psalms. Out of this practice there grew the metrical paraphrase which gradually developed a freer style until there was evolved the hymn as we know it. This form has now become well established in general use. In the past two hundred years many hymns have been composed, not all of equal merit or equally suitable for today, and care in selection is needed. Much might be said about tunes. A good hymn tune should possess a strong rhythm and a good melodic outline. It should be well within the range of most voices, but should not wander aimlessly around a few notes. It should be simple in structure and definite in purpose, so that it can be easily and quickly grasped by not-so-musical people. It should be a fitting medium for the full expression of the emotions and at the same time it should avoid sugary sentiment.

Considerations such as the association which exists in the minds of some people between certain hymns and tunes must be taken into account, and it may not always be possible to achieve the highest standard immediately. However, the best should always be our objective. The problem is not only one of musical knowledge but of sympathetic understanding and the ability to adapt practice to local needs.

Many churches appreciate and use chanting, not only as a relief from hymn singing, but because it brings within our range the fine poetry and prose of the Scriptures, so much of which is eminently suited to musical expression. It has been suggested that the practice might be extended to other suitable, but non-scriptural, passages of prose, and this is a point worthy of consideration.

Some congregations experience a difficulty with chanting; this is possibly due, first, to the rather senseless way in which chants are sometimes sung, second, to the poorly pointed chant books which some churches use, and third, to a lack of understanding. The remedy would appear to lie in the more careful study of the subject by choirs; a new chant book, we hope, in due course; and attention to the matter at congregational practices.

The use of anthems where there is a choir able to perform them has been mentioned and should be encouraged.

Many Free Churches today are realizing the value of a musical liturgical form of worship, which, if used in conjunction with present forms and in a reasonable and rational manner, need in no way offend those fundamental principles upon which our system of worship is founded. The matter is too extensive for full investigation in this article, but it is a subject which should receive careful thought.

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So far no mention has been made of the organist, although it is upon him, his musical ability, his patience and tact, and his real

sincerity of purpose, that much depends. The qualities of a good organist are many, but perhaps they are all covered by the virtues of faith, hope, and charity: a faith in the Church and its work which will ever urge him to acquire greater skill and a larger knowledge of his job; a hope that will make him keep on keeping on; and charity towards the weakness and differing opinions of his fellow-workers. As a performer, every organist should endeavour to cultivate a sound judgment and discrimination which will ensure that all he plays and his way of playing it will show a sense of fitness and suitability to the occasion. The unmusical accompaniment, the inappropriate or badly played voluntary, and similar faults all produce a discordant and jarring effect on the service; they can and should be avoided.

Finally, it should be remembered that music does not form the whole service and is only a means to an end. It should make for unity and cohesion of purpose, it should embody variety without making the service disjointed, and, above all, it should be a channel through which a higher power may flow.

The circular letters the Rev. Norman Goodall wrote on his trip to the South Seas demanded more permanent form, and we are glad to see their spirit retained in *Pacific Pilgrimage* (Livingstone Press, 2s.), a colourful and challenge narrative of a visit to the stations of the London Missionary Society. No field of that Society has seen more stirring and successful work, and it is well that we should see it today through the eyes of one so wise and understanding as Mr. Goodall. If Congregationalists are proud of their missionary record and alive to the opportunity of today this little book should sell in thousands. To some points Mr. Goodall raises we propose to refer in a subsequent Editorial; meanwhile we quote the question addressed to him by an "anxious veteran" in Papua: "For many years the Gospel has been preached in Papua, but it hasn't won all the people yet. Why?".

A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

By ALBERT PEEL.

The article below incorporates the address delivered on vacating the Chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. This address is printed in response to numerous requests, some of them from correspondents who have gathered that it differed in tone from speeches I had made up and down the country during the year. This impression is no doubt accurate. My purpose throughout the year was to encourage all those struggling in difficult places and bearing the heat and burden of the day; and I received encouragement untold in endeavouring to carry it out. A card just received from Tigerkloof about a talk transmitted five times to different parts of the world during the week beginning April 20, indicates the nature of my messages through the year and the response to them:

We heard you quite clearly last night when you spoke of "Religion under Fire", and we were much heartened by your message. God bless you—you brave folk at home.

I could have used my final address in the same way, and told of stirring things I had seen and heard. But I had already written and spoken much on these lines, and before the end of the Assembly others far more qualified—those who had done great deeds themselves—were to speak.

Furthermore, I felt it would be false to my trust did I fail to give to those who had called me to high office a true account of the Church of Christ as I saw it outlined by the lurid gleam of war. I was well aware that this would be neither easy nor popular, but Congregationalists are not so decadent as to demand that prophets should prophesy only smooth things. Nevertheless in all that is said below there is nothing I have not said many times before, nothing that I have not heard, from ministers and from laymen, many times in the last twelve months, and nothing about our shortcomings we do not all say every day in our prayers—and presumably we mean what we say in our prayers. To speak only words of cheer and encouragement, to suggest that all was well with the Church if only we held on, would have laid me open—and without defence—to the charge of concealing the truth, of being false and cowardly both as preacher and as historian. For me the fierce flames of war have thrown up familiar facts clear and stark against the sky, and have revealed the urgency of the situation. At all costs, I felt, Christians must be shaken out of their complacency while there is time. When men who have never preached to one-fifth of the people to whom their predecessors preached regularly seem quite unconcerned, when deacons deem it a great triumph to end a year without a deficit though not a single soul has been won for Christ and not a person been received into the membership of the Church, is there not need for consternation and alarm? And if only we will rouse ourselves from our slumbers, dogmatic and otherwise, the Church has such a glorious opportunity in the years before us.

* * *

TODAY I reach the end of the most eventful and extraordinary year which has ever been the lot of the Chairman of this Union, and I must endeavour to give you a brief account of my stewardship. I started out with the resolve to accept every invitation of service

that could be fitted in: that resolve I have been able to carry through, and I must first of all thank you for giving me the unspeakable privilege of serving the churches in these epic days. I am humbly grateful to Almighty God for the health and strength given me, and for what our fathers used to call "journeying mercies". Since this Assembly last met I have travelled just over 20,000 miles; I have spoken nearly 300 times (no wonder one Chairman called me a "peripatetic gasbag"!), and I have stayed in 95 different homes. To all who have given me hospitality when hospitality is a problem I would tender my thanks; sometimes I have been very conscious that I was encroaching on all too meagre rations, though at others I was aware that special efforts, unsanctioned by Lord Woolton, had been taken to save the Chairman of the Union from starvation. Of places other than homes where I have slept—many and varied—I do not stop to speak.

I wish it were possible to convey to those who have not seen for themselves the great contrasts in our national and in our church life today: contrasts which make generalizations quite impossible. I have seen much to encourage, even to thrill—unselfish service, heroic endeavour, sublime sacrifice. I have often been proud of my countrymen, and often proud of my fellow Congregationalists. No one could have witnessed the tenacity and courage of our people in evacuated areas and in bombed cities without a warming of the heart. It says much for the spirit and the resolution of our churches that during the year only five of my engagements have been cancelled. But I have tried from time to time in the pages of the *Christian World* to convey to you some of my impressions, and I say no more now—except for one thing. It is an open secret that I believe that our Moderatorial System will have to be drastically modified: there is all the more reason, therefore, why I should testify that I have been greatly impressed in travelling round the coastal districts—here I am sure Dr. Berry will confirm what I say—by the intimate knowledge of churches and men possessed by our Moderators. Frank Wheeler in the South, and our lamented Alfred Lee in the East, both knew the personnel and the idiosyncrasies of the churches with a thoroughness that opened our eyes.

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Nor do I say much about the War and the critical days immediately before us. A year ago I warned you that we were in for a long and arduous struggle, and ahead there is a terrific ordeal. A year ago, too, I pleaded with you to be patient with the United States and with its President. The course of events has justified that plea, and we have every reason to be grateful to the President for the courage and the skill with which he has led his people. We rejoice in the ever-increasing help which is being given to us by the United States in the war effort. We rejoice equally in the increas-

ing closeness of the fellowship between the churches there and here. Substantial help has been forthcoming from our own people, and we were proud that the first ambassador of the American churches to our shores was one of our own ministers, the Rev. Edgar Chandler, who performed his task with a grace and dignity which won encomiums on every side. We rejoice to learn of his safe return and in the knowledge that he left with the conviction that American and British Christians should work together in leading the democratic forces to save the world from tyranny.

At home our Prime Minister bears an awful load of responsibility, and for his indomitable spirit the country has reason to be grateful: it would be difficult indeed at the moment to think of an adequate successor were one to be needed. Mr. Churchill has the support of a united people, and there has been no wavering or flinching. We welcome the way he faces facts and concentrates on major issues and sweeps away the trumpery fussiness and red tape of lesser men. We rejoice, too, in the way he has determined that Parliament's decision to secure the rights of those who cannot conscientiously share in the war effort should be respected. If we were to begin to chronicle those whose endurance and bravery have made us proud and glad, we should long be here. We all have our favourite heroes—pilots or seamen or bomb disposers: having seen firemen at work risking their lives continually, I accord them a special place in my thoughts and prayers.

Only one other word about the war I am constrained to say. More care must be taken to inform the people whose fight this is of the issues involved and of the course of the struggle. Blunders are inevitable in war, and it is obvious that serious blunders have been made. Sometimes it may be policy to conceal them. But the franker our leaders are the better all round. This is a war for democracy, and the people have a right to know the facts. It was disquieting in America in April and May last year to find that the reports of the German *Military* H.Q. were invariably more up-to-date and more accurate than our own; largely, of course, because the Germans were advancing and we were on the retreat. If the people are to give intelligent backing to the Government—and this they desire to do—the more speedily information is given, the more quickly anxiety removed, the better. We all ask our questions, and some of them may be foolish. But it would be well that it should be explained to people why, *e.g.*, Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands were not seized long ago, why our Intelligence Service was apparently unaware of the extent of German reinforcements in Libya, why we were caught napping in Iraq.

* * *

But it is not of the War I wish to speak, but of the Church. For there are some things of which I must deliver my soul. I hope

it may be accepted that for the last year—and for the last 30 years—I have served the Church, the Church as we know it, to the best of my powers. I have served it, with all my strength, in season and out of season. And yet I am conscious that with the years my position has been increasingly equivocal—and I want to say to you now some things I should have amplified in my Addresses from the Chair had times been normal, for the last year has greatly accelerated a process which has long been going on both in the life of the Church and in my own mind. I believe that *the Church as we know it is doomed*, nothing less, unless the churches suffer a sea-change. And this, I repeat, is not the carping criticism of one outside the churches, but of one who has given his life to them, who can say:

I love Thy church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye
And graven on Thy hand.

But those walls! They are covered with roses in June, and in the autumn a lovely Virginia Creeper reaches round the gables. But the light within is poor, the walls are damp, the drains are bad. In these war days I see judgment beginning at the house of God.

The Church has not saved mankind from War: it might have done so had the members not been quarrelling about pacifism or been immersed in selfish problems—stipends and settlements and the like.

The Church has not redeemed the world from an economic system which contains the seeds of war; rather has it been compromised by that system and lives on it.

The Church has failed to win and to hold the labouring masses: on any denominational committee it is impossible to find a single man of the class to which Jesus Himself belonged.

The Church has been so afraid of the subject of sex that for a generation it has given little or no help to its members in a world where the new freedom of women and the general knowledge and use of contraceptives have entirely revolutionized the life of mankind. And because of its cowardice people in this important part of their lives have ceased to pay regard to the Church, which must, therefore, take its part of the blame for the sexual licence of our time.

The Church has been so immersed in the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin, that it has neglected the weightier matters of the law: it is still trying to repel the tanks of paganism with Victorian rifles or medieval bows and arrows.

The Church has been enslaved by the huge buildings its fathers have erected; it has sapped the life of its people in their main-

tenance, and instead of temples they have often become tombs. It has limited the Holy One by tying itself to one type of ministry, and declaring that God cannot call to the holy ministry anybody but youths preparing to take a training of a particular kind and to give the whole of their time to the ministry.

Was it not Newman who said that of institutions men cherished as well as of individuals it was essential that we should say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord"? But there are even more serious symptoms, for the Church has failed to reveal to the world that the lives of its people are markedly different from those who do not belong to it. Would that I could give different answers to the questions I now put! I would gladly give all I possess were it possible.

Do I find Archbishops and Bishops, Cardinals and Monsignors, willing to renounce their place and power, and become servants of the servants of God? I do not.

Do I find leaders of the Free Churches anxious to divest themselves of power and prestige—eager to escape publicity, not letting their left hands know what their right hands do? I do not.

Do I find theological colleges, in their urgent need for efficiency and unity, ready to unite with other colleges? I do not. It is always the other college which should close down; it is always the other fellow who is responsible for the accident.

Do I find ecclesiastical vested interests any less tenacious of their rights than soulless limited companies? I do not.

Do I find ministers closer to God, more spiritual in their outlook, more unselfish in their service—the only reason for the existence of a professional ministry—than others? I do not, and I include myself in the same condemnation; I have often been humbled as I have contrasted my own life with the devotion and sacrifice of people in my churches, people who had to earn their livelihood during the day but who laboured for the church every night.

Do I find Christian laymen eager to limit their profits or to accept the Archbishop of York's suggestions for an elimination of capital in fifty years? I do not. Decidedly I do not.

If you are inclined to think this survey too pessimistic I implore you to face the facts in regard to our own denomination, though they apply to all alike. Apply any standards you choose. I ask the fathers, the veterans, to contrast the life of our churches with that of fifty years ago, to think of city after city with large congregations and notable ministries, often with the civic life controlled by men who received their inspiration for public service in the church to which they belonged. It would be impertinent for me to

remind you of such places—you can make the list for yourself, and it is a long one.

I ask my contemporaries whether they have not—as I have—done the best they knew to hold educated young people for the Church, and found that somehow the Church fails to grip and the young people slip away. The *Times* reviewer of the Rev. Douglas Stewart's *Personal Religion and the Future of Europe* refers to a serious omission in the author's treatment in words that exactly describe the situation:

The "decent fellow" may admit that the author's remarks about religion, and the Christian religion, are clearly stated and pressed home, but he is still left at the church door. For what he finds difficult is to connect the Christian verities, which the author so forcibly defends, with worship in a Christian church, as he knows it.

I ask you who mix with men in the spheres of politics and education, letters and science, whether you are not impressed by the number of those who are truly Christian but have no place in their lives for the Church as we know it, though they need the Church as much as the Church needs them. In the days of my youth I used to claim boldly that if you sought in any town for those doing humanitarian and charitable work which demanded sacrifice, you would invariably find that they were connected with the churches. That boast could not be made today: a leading doctor was heard to remark recently that if he wanted the men in his city who were doing the hard and unpleasant social work he would find them not in the churches, but on the golf-course.

Or contrast the "Rolls of Honour" of our churches today with those of the last war: the comparative brevity is a simple but staggering revelation of the nakedness of the land.

* * *

Such are the facts, looming up black and startling, in the changing lights of war. It is indeed a gloomy picture! And yet! And yet! Here and there the Church has still its heroes and its saints, and, if need be, its martyrs, though often their names are unknown to the world. Often have I seen men and women in our churches carrying burdens too grievous to be borne, burdens handed down by their fathers, carrying them heroically because they loved the Church. Here on the battlefield of Britain, there on the Mission-field, in air raid shelters and bombed cities, I have seen people serving in the spirit of their Lord, all the hampering and limiting grave-clothes of the past cast from them, all the accretions of the years about which they have quarrelled forgotten—going about doing good, obeying their Lord, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick. And it may be, it may be, that for the

sake of these righteous men God will spare the city and give the Church as we know and love it another chance—that He will not scatter the nest altogether.

But I wonder! I wonder whether the Church has strength enough to break loose from its fetters. I think of all the hours men have spent during the last twenty years in Assemblies and Committees, listening to mutual flatteries, to the repetition of the obvious, to the drone of the machine as we've turned it round and round. And I pray for another twenty years in which I can see the Church, with the simplest of machinery, just forgetting itself in the service of men.

Even when I look at some of our fine achievements I am left with a doubt whether the Church will be able to gain again the mastery of its machinery, ever able to break the mould. Notice the way in which when we discuss Church extension all that the words convey to most men is the erection of new buildings, when the lesson blazing at us today is that churches without buildings are extending the Church among suffering men and women. And just now how we are making the unbeliever scoff by our consideration for our property, necessary and wise as that consideration is. There is every reason to rejoice in the way Christians—Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Free Churchmen—are working together under the able Chairmanship of the Bishop of London in the War Damage Committee. But can you not hear the secular politician's sneer, in private if not in public? "When it's a question of their property they can get together all right"; he says, "about everything else, their worship, the education of their children, the social system, even the way to the peace of the world, they squabble and fight. But let their property be in danger, and no Property Owners' Association is more united and more keen". Unfair, of course, but with enough sting in it to make us uncomfortable.

Why is it that so many men who enter the ministry with a sincere desire to serve their Lord and their fellow men in a few years become dull and listless tenders of a machine, a machine that so often has no product in the shape of saved men and women? How many of our churches are turning out men and women aflame with the passion for men, for righteousness, for God's peace? For that is the acid test for the Church. We all know men in all the categories I have mentioned—leaders of the Church in all denominations, teachers and administrators in the Colleges, ministers and laymen in the churches, who are living fine and noble lives, full of self-sacrifice. *O si sic omnes!* But if the churches were succeeding they would be sending into the world an incessant stream of such men in every walk of life—Christian teachers, Christian doctors, Christian business men, Christian carpenters, Christian Members of Parliament. Such men should not be noticeable because they

are exceptional; they should be common as daffodils in April, and should make as fine a show.

I see the Church as we know it at the parting of the ways, and with a last chance to survive. The world is falling about our ears. What is the Church to do? Rebuild the old buildings, try the same old methods, plunge its head into the sand and refuse to see the new world, discuss removals and settlements while life ebbs away? The Church has lost many avenues of service. Once upon a time it did the world's hospital work, its charity, and even in our time its recreation and entertainment. Now all these have been taken over by specialists, and it looks as if religious education may follow.

What will be left? The Church's specific function will be left—to grow Christians, and send into the world men and women whose lives will so speak of their Lord that there will be added to the Church day by day those who are being saved.

Which way will the Church take? I look back from 1960 to this parting of the ways. I see the alternatives. I see the churches who had lost one generation of young men losing what they had held of another. I see earnest and outworn men in middle-life and old age striving to carry on a top-heavy organization, to follow out a policy of erecting church-buildings vital a century ago, but of little significance today, when other methods of winning men as well as buildings and worship must be employed. I see the churches without life enough—I do not say to attract—even to hold men and women of learning and zeal anxious to give their lives to a great cause and to the service of men. And staggering under the burdens of the past I see exhausted men in their empty churches stumbling until they die. And that is why I say that unless there is a sea-change the Church as we know it is doomed. But there is another way. I see the Church, humble and penitent, crying, "What must I do to be saved? What shall I do to inherit eternal life?". And I hear the reply, "Believe. . . . Sell all that thou hast. . . . Follow".

And so I ask whether we shall have faith and courage after the War to seize the new opportunity, to scrap every unnecessary, even beloved, building, to cast aside every obsolete weapon, and to go out to the fight. The urgency is great indeed, for I believe that it may be given to us, under God, to lead mankind into the ways of freedom and peace. Our experience in reconciling freedom and fellowship, independence and co-operation, in showing how the rights of the individual believer, of the individual church, and of the union of individuals and churches, can be safeguarded and used to the welfare and progress of all, is what the post-war world will need above all. But we shall not be able to use that experience to lead mankind unless we have individual Christians, individual churches, and the Church, all concentrated on the task, stripped of all else that

here we may do God's will and serve God's children. It will mean much sacrifice, not only cutting our losses, but cutting down all our requirements to the simplicities of the Gospel. It will mean that those who are privileged in the Church, its ministers and teachers, must lead in renunciation, willing to decrease that the Church might increase. And what we are witnessing in some parts of the land today shows that all this is not beyond us.

"Believe. . . . Sell and Give. . . . Follow. . . ." Has the Church as we know it the necessary faith and courage? Once the Church had. A few men who had been cowards and traitors were made so brave and strong that ere long they were called those that "had turned the world upside down". If Congregationalism with its great resources—a noble tradition, an educated ministry, £1,000,000 invested funds—has also the same faith and courage, it can baptize these things into the service of the Kingdom of God, and lead mankind into the way of peace. If! The Chairman-Elect of the Congregational Union, acknowledging his election, remarked that I was "all wrong"! The facts are before us. They at any rate cannot be gainsaid. The deductions may be wrong. If they are, and the Church as we know it can serve the world of today and tomorrow, no one would rejoice more than I to see them confuted. But the spots and wrinkles will take a lot of removing.

P.S. The argument of these pages has just been stated, much more persuasively, by Prof. John Macmurray in *A Challenge to the Churches: Religion and Democracy* (Kegan Paul, 1s.). The transition from Judaism to Christianity recorded in the N.T. he sees as "a perfect instance of the transition from a conservative to a creative religion". Such a transition I believe is now necessary to transform the Church as we know it into "a glorious Church". Christianity, says Prof. Macmurray, looks not to the past, to race and kinship, but to a new society formed by the transformation of existing societies. It is thus a revolutionary religion, but somehow it has

functioned largely as a conservative religion, and consequently as the bulwark of the privileges of the upper classes. . . . Everyone outside the Churches and a large number inside recognize that there is something far wrong with such a state of affairs.

After claiming that the Churches have become centres of social conservatism and social reaction and tended to identify Christianity

with a set of beliefs and theories which the development of science has made increasingly incredible,

Prof. Macmurray recognizes that only the Christian basis makes possible a democratic solution to the post-war problem, that the fate of democracy depends upon the Christian religion. And yet

[Christianity] is buried beneath the irrelevancies and accretions of Medievalism. Its associations have set most of the other aspects of modern culture at war with it. To the majority of progressive folk, Christianity seems the enemy of progress and the bulwark of reaction. To large numbers of sensitive and intelligent young people Christianity

seems not merely stupid and irrelevant but also insincere and immoral. Clearly, without a revolutionary change in the religious field the unconscious Christianity which underlies European civilization is not likely to be able to provide a common bond of sentiment which can carry the superstructure of an international democracy.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS.

So let us live, not dreading too much the battle and the blows, for fear cripples. Let us discard the last remnants of the fear of Judgment and of Hell (if we have not long since done so), for they have no substance, and the only hell which man is ever likely to know is that which he makes, and can unmake, for himself on earth. Let us enjoy the sunrise and the song of the lark and the friendship and the book, or as stoics endure the lack of these; as athletes with their bodies let us be healthily interested in the growth of our total personality or soul and in the contribution which all experience lends to the process; let us be no less interested in the personalities around us; and as the beasts perfect their social existence within their limitations, let us too seek, eschewing self and class as far as may be, alike for the biological interest of the task and for the general weal, the way to the improvement of our own communities. So shall we discover and deserve life and cease to wonder whether it be eternal. . . .

Science could help to create a faith of which no Christian need feel ashamed. Where, we might ask, should the choice of an honest Christian lie if the two alternatives were put before him, on the one hand of a Judgment successfully circumvented and a seat in heaven won, and on the other of a lapse into well-earned sleep after a good and active Christian life, with the full assurance that the vital particles of his share of matter and of personality—small mites of influence though they be—will pursue their humble yet deathless task through infinite space and time?

Time and space have synthesized us and in dissociation will use us again for other and, perchance, more splendid syntheses. In such an immortality of thought and fact there is much for wonder, and is there anything for despair, resentment or for dread?

How sad and deceitful now by contrast seem all the centuries of brooding fear—fear, without benefit to morality, of a divine wrath and the cruel possibility of hell.

JOHN A. RYLE, *Fears May Be Liars.*

In studying the Religious Orders as spiritual schools, it has often recurred to me that whilst each has a characteristic temper and love of its own, and a disposition to lean upon some individual quality or virtue as distinctive of its life and work, this very tendency requires a guard against its running into some correlative defect. And for want of this guard being always vigilantly observed, Religious Orders are mostly prone to deteriorate. Thus the temper of the Benedictine Order is largeness of spirit, or freedom, apt to degenerate into laxity. That of St. Francis is poverty, apt to degenerate into sordidness. That of St. Dominic is rigid law and science, apt to degenerate into the stiffness of the letter and pride of intellectual culture. That of St. Francis de Sales is spiritual sweetness, apt to degenerate into spiritual softness. That of the Carmelites is contemplation, apt to degenerate into leaving our Lord's Life and Passion into [*sic*] abeyance. That of the Society of Jesus is the practical, apt to discard the contemplative spirit, and to degenerate into policy.

ULLATHORNE, *From Cabin Boy to Archbishop.*

LOOKING BACK SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

By S. LAVINGTON HART, M.A., D.Sc.

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago ! It is a long while to look back upon, and who wants to do so, especially at a time like this when a month or two seem to give us more to grieve over than years of any previous existence ?

Nevertheless there may be some lessons to be gathered even from the years that have gone by that may fit us to endure through the puzzling time that lies ahead.

The first remembrance that occurs to me is the marriage of the Prince of Wales to the Princess from Denmark. It was soon after my fourth birthday, and in common with the children of Dover I was in the Market Place on that 10th of March, in the year 1863. Not that I was thinking very much about the cause of our being brought together, but I had had a bun given me and I was with the crowd of Sunday School children and we were all waiting for something to happen. Last week I met a lady living here in Worthing who had been at the same demonstration, but her remembrances were focused, ladylike, on the bunch of flowers which she was carrying and the colours of her ribbons, while mine were on more solid food.

My father, the Rev. T. Baron Hart, was the minister of the Zion Church in Dover. He was in his 23rd year as minister, and had already had somewhat varied experiences. He had come from Cornwall to London when a lad, and had been studying in the London University when it was decided that he should go to Silcoates School in Yorkshire. In the early autumn of 1835 he must have travelled northwards, by coach, much as Charles Dickens described Nicholas Nickleby as doing a year or two later. Not that his experiences were as poignant as Nickleby's proved to be; nevertheless there was a rebellion in the school while he was there—perhaps merited, for one of those implicated in the rising was the one so well known later on as Dr. Guinness Rogers, of Clapham.

Before going North, however, my father had been present at the May Meetings of the Congregational Union, and especially at the big Thursday gathering. People came early in the morning to meetings in those days, and were willing to spend an hour or two to secure seats for the long assembly that lasted well on into the afternoon. Exeter Hall had just been opened for the meetings of the London Missionary Society, and that year there were great expectations as Williams of the South Seas was to be present. He

had recently returned and had a full story to tell. The meeting must have been unusually responsive.

In the autumn Williams was again called upon to take an important part in the proceedings of the Society, when a number of new missionaries were being farewelled on their departure for the South Seas. He was also present when the new buildings in Blomfield Street were opened for the work of the L.M.S. Shortly after these interesting experiences he returned to the Mission Field and lost his life at the hands of the cannibals.

My father studied at the Exeter College, later to be known as the Western College at Plymouth, and now situated in Bristol. His first pastorate was at Stonehouse, Plymouth, where he was until he took up his father's place at Tregoney. He added considerably to the work, however, by starting the School for West of England Boys which was known after he left it as "Hart House". In 1847 and again in 1850 he visited the Continent, not knowing that later his home would be in Paris.

He was asked to go there and preach in the small English Chapel in the Rue Royale, and on his second visit he had in his audience one who was already famous and who was destined to become still more celebrated, Dr. David Livingstone. On the Sunday evening the service was taken by the Doctor, and after a day or two spent in Paris father must have come back to Dover with Livingstone. For the next thing that the noted traveller did as soon as he reached London was to call on the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, and discuss with him the matters affecting the African Continent. The next year Livingstone returned to Africa for a series of remarkable discoveries, and finally to his lonely death.

I remember some of the friends in Dover who made our stay there so very happy. One who made his name well known later on was the Alpine climber who lost his life in Switzerland, Mummery. In the autumn our stay in Dover was ended, as my father had agreed to cross over to Paris to carry on the work in the Rue Royale Church. I remember the stormy day on which we set sail, the first crossing of the Channel for me, but not the last, as I had to undertake the journey more than a hundred times while our home was over there.

It is interesting to see from the records kept by my father the list of those who helped in the work on the Rue Royale. Early in the new year there is the record of a visit of Grattan Guinness, who was to be there again, later on, with his family. I remember his son, who became remarkable together with his father in their East London Mission, and also his daughter who is still so well known in China as the daughter-in-law of Dr. Taylor, the founder of the

China Inland Mission. As children they were about with us in Paris.

Another visitor in the early part of our stay in the French capital was Mr. Willans, of Huddersfield. His sister had been married to Mr. Asquith, and their son became Prime Minister, and afterwards the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Mr. Willans was there more than once, and helped in some of the meetings my father held in the various parts of Paris. In father's list are the names of men such as Paxton Hood, Dr. Lockhart who had recently returned from China, and Dr. Legge from Hong Kong. Most of the names on these lists referred to speakers at the Rue Royale, for many came during the Exhibition year of 1867, and helped at the services of the Church—Newman Hall, Samuel Hebditch, Dr. Stoughton Alfred Rooker, a cousin from Plymouth on his way to the Holy Land, Samuel Morley, who had taken special interest in the work of the Church in Paris, and Lord Radstock, who spoke several times and held a mission in the Church. Dr. Dale was also one of those who took part.

Father's relations with the Committee which had arranged for him to come to Paris came to an end two or three years after his arrival there, and he had to settle whether he should return to England or carry on, in new circumstances, what had already proved itself to be so useful and needed an enterprise. I remember being at one of the meetings where this was being discussed, and where father's decision to continue at all costs the pastorate of the Rue Royale Church was accepted. He was there for many years without definite salary, and with the very heavy expenses which at that time were common in Paris. I knew very little of what this meant to my parents, but I remember seeing my father overborne by some weight that I did not understand, but which I came to appreciate later on. I love to record his faith and his devotion to what he reckoned to be the Call of God to him.

My father's work was centred in the Rue Royale, but not by any means confined to that place. I have in remembrance his visits to various places, but especially his connection with the Christian activities at the time of the "Exposition". He helped at the *Salle Evangélique*, where preaching was carried on every day, and at the Kiosk of the British and Foreign Bible Society's depot.

My brother and I were sent to a French school in Paris. From our house we looked across at the monumental Arc de Triomphe and could see the Champs Elysées beyond, with a distant view of the Tuileries Palace and Gardens. Paris was indeed gay and apparently happy in those days, and especially when the Emperor kept his birthday did the crowds fill the streets. It was, however, a time glorious only on the surface; inwardly the country was being neglected, and was going downhill.

At Saint Cloud, not far from the city, the Emperor kept one of his palaces. My father used to take us out to the interesting places so that we might have an idea of the splendid city in which we lived. Once we were just outside the grounds of the Palace at St. Cloud, and just within the wide gardens we could see the young Prince, well known to Parisians of that date, the Prince Imperial. He was at home, in all the glories of the place, and little was there to suggest that not many years later on he would be a refugee with his father and mother in England, and that before long he would lose his life on an African battlefield.

Not a few Englishmen came to the French capital in order to study, perhaps the language, or it might have been one of the sciences that were taught at the Sorbonne. We had with us in Paris one who had come in this way as a medical student, later well known as Dr. Barnardo. I remember how he asked me round to his lodging that was near to our house, and spoke to me about Christ and the future life. We were not surprised when we heard of the great work which he undertook for poor children in London, a work that has developed so fully.

Most children in Paris in those days learnt music, and in our home we had a French lady teacher who helped us along through all the trying rudiments of the art. Father also, who was a real musician at heart, urged me to practise at the organ, so that, when I was only ten years old, he thought I might help him in some of his Mission work. At that time he had a full Sunday. First of all, at ten o'clock, there was a service in the Chapel opened by a French pastor, Bersier by name. This closed at eleven, but my father was due at the Rue Royale, two miles away, in the half-hour. My duty at first was to get a *fiacre* ready waiting at the door of the Bersier Chapel, when we drove as quickly as we could to the other service. Soon, however, my duties increased, for I had to play the organ in the early service. This I did, happily without too many mistakes.

At the larger service in the Rue Royale a Frenchman had been engaged to play. Of course, he had to go through the tunes as many times as there were verses: his knowledge of English was, as usual with French people in Paris in those days, exceedingly small. My father wished me to play at this English service. There were various difficulties. My mother, wisely enough, felt that I was too small for the task, and the bellows were so far down from the seat that my legs would not reach. However, father got over these difficulties by making two stools, one for each bellow on the organ, so arranged that an ordinary person might play in the usual way, but that I might use the stools and be able to reach the bellows.

My first Sunday at the larger service was not altogether successful; we had the tune *Corinth*, which is composed of six lines, the

first two to be repeated when the hymn had eight lines. Our hymn had the eight lines all right, but unfortunately I was following the music most carefully and played six lines for the first verse. My confusion and terror helped me to do better for the rest of the hymn, and I hope I have not made a similar mistake since.

The great happenings that led to the outbreak of war loom large in my memory, for I remember the sight of the troops marching in front of our house, especially when the first news from the front told of a French victory and started the cheering of the crowds in the capital, followed, however, by disaster after disaster.

We had to leave in the early part of August, 1870, and found our way safe and sound to England, father returning later on to work in Paris until that, too, was brought to an end; when we came back the next year the Empire had ceased to exist, and the French Republic had come, let us hope, to stay.

The house we lived in at that time was close to the Porte Maillot, and during the second siege of the city, under the Commune, it suffered badly from the attacks from the Government troops. More than fifty shells are said to have fallen on the house. When we went about the outskirts of Paris we saw thousands of German soldiers who watched on the outside of the city for weeks. We went to many of the battlefields and saw the sad results of the fighting. Alas for the French capital! It has suffered again and again since then.

My brother and I went to a French school, and studied under a splendid master in preparation for the Examination of the Sorbonne. I had to wait until I was 16 years old before entering for this *Bachelier-ès-Sciences* degree, and I was glad to pass, as I was then free to enter Mill Hill School. Dr. Weymouth was then in his prime, and helped his scholars through all their opening studies of Latin and Greek. I remember especially the reading of Mark's Gospel under his tuition. We were a good crowd of young fellows at that time, though not of course so large as Mill Hill has known since then.

Might I mention a few of those who were there with me? Harold Harley, the son of the Vice-Headmaster, was preparing doubtless for the special life he led afterwards as an actor; Robson Tanner and his brother Edgar represented the West of England, from whence also came one or two of my cousins, the Evans from Bristol; others also hailed from the West, as Leonard, whose work in that city became so well known; then we had with us, before he went to Shrewsbury, Owen Seaman, the future Editor of *Punch*. Another well-known man, R. J. Wells, who was to become Secretary of the Congregational Union, was covering himself with glory as the leader of our football fifteen. I remember standing by and

watching a tremendous wrestle between him and the champion of a neighbouring school, and I was not the only one to watch.

There were many others, such as the two brothers Cook, the sons of the famous Tourist Agent; the two Moffat brothers, grandsons of the well-known Missionary; Ernest Hampden Cook, whose great work in forming the School Register will make his name live; the Curwen brothers, and especially the two who are left to carry on the family traditions, Harry of Hampstead, and his brother the Doctor in Hove, and their brother-in-law, Talbot Wilson, who joined shortly after I had left. A crowd indeed of men who have left a mark on the world in which they lived.

Under Dr. Weymouth most of the Sixth Form prepared themselves for Matriculation at the London University. It was my fate to follow in the ordinary line, and to enter during January of the year 1877. I stopped, I remember, with some friends of my father, the Croggons who had come up to London from Grampound, near to Tregoney, my old home. One thing that remains in my mind is that one day, as the examiners came into the large hall in Vigo Street, Dr. Murray, one of our well-known teachers at that time, was amongst them, and spying my place in the Hall he came up to me and wished me well in my examination work. He will be better known as Sir James Murray, of dictionary fame. I was proud indeed of his recognition, and determined to do my best.

I spent some time in Bristol with my cousins at the home of a well-known man, Jonathan Lavington Evans, who was a member of the Highbury Church, where the minister was the famous Dr. Thomas, whose son must have been preparing even then to follow his father. A remarkable double pastorate it was indeed.

I returned to London, hoping to get the result of the Matriculation as I passed through town. I missed my way in the dark, and had to wait till Monday morning before seeing the list. When I reached the hall in which the results were published, I saw my name at the top of the Honours column, but had to ask someone standing by to read me the name, as I wanted to be sure. As soon as I realized that it was all right, I hastened to go back to Mill Hill to see how the school was taking it.

I reached the fellows all right, but found them somewhat indifferent to what I felt was rather a good thing for the School. Gradually I realized that there had been some mistaken report, and that the boys were seeking to make it a small matter to me and to them. I found that there had been someone called Hart whose place somewhere down in the bottom lists had been read off as mine. I had to tell them the right result, and when they realized that they had been misled, there was a fair commotion, especially amongst my friends. Finally the Head was called into the large class-room, the

real report announced, and a whole day's holiday was given to the School.

That rather happy day was the last I spent as a fellow at the School, for the next day I had to go to Cambridge with my father, who had crossed over from Paris. An arrangement had been made that I should go as what was then called a "beast" and study under tutors in preparation for entering in October. A young fellow was with me, under my care during the term that I spent in what proved to be my new home.

I was taken by my father to call on one whom he knew well from the days spent in Plymouth. Rendel Harris was then a Fellow at Clare, and had a number of men whom he was leading in their days at the University. He had a wide influence, and during the years I spent there I saw a lot of him. Another man was in the same state as myself, that is studying with a view to enter later in the year. I mean Darlow, who joined Clare College in October and who did such a grand work in connection with the British and Foreign Bible Society. Harris had been connected with Emmanuel Church, but was at that time beginning special Sunday Evening Meetings for University men and others. When I was at St. John's I often went to these gatherings in the Y.M.C.A. rooms. A regular attender used to take notes, which were printed in the week and distributed at the next meeting. I had a number of these leaflets and later on I showed them to a friend who was staying in Cambridge. He was so impressed that he wrote to Harris asking if they could not be printed in book form. The result was that from the notes I had, and a few that were added, the book was printed which has since then made its mark in religious literature, *Memoranda Sacra*. I may add that the friend staying in Cambridge who was responsible for the reproduction of these papers was W. H. Somervell, later on the Treasurer of the L.M.S., a man of splendid repute not only in Kendal but throughout the kingdom.

I must pass over the happy days I spent as an undergraduate at St. John's, where the usual round of lectures and laboratory work had to be faced. I had to take a London course as well as our Cambridge studies, so that days were well filled, and by the end of the three or four years I had passed the examinations I needed to take and was free to do some special work. I was wondering what it should be. At that time Dr. Stuart was Professor of Engineering at the University. He was then very full of plans for getting those who had studied there to go and teach at some local centre of work. I remember going round to see him when I was free from examination work, to find out whether he had anything that I could take up. He told me at once of lectures that should be given in London and other centres. The result was that before long I had to start as

a lecturer in one of the London centres. I hope some of the students got some good from my first attempts; at all events I think that I learnt a few lessons as to how to carry on a course, and also as to how it should not be carried on! Later on I had to go to Nottingham University to take the place of Dr. Garnett, the newly appointed Principal, in a simple course of Physics. Later in that same first year I began my University Extension work, which gave me very happy times in various centres. I went first to Darlington, and the cities near by; then to Cardiff and South Wales; later on to Kendal and the North, and to other places as well. How many good friends it is possible for a lecturer to make during these visits! Especially at Kendal, where lived the Somervells, and other good friends. A man returns to the University having very much enlarged his life. I trust that it was so in my case.

After the lecturing in the provinces came the time for settling down to the same kind of work in the University. What a place to live in is Cambridge, especially with all the openings that come to anyone doing work in the place! Newnham and Girton were filling up during these years. My work carried me there two or three times a week, and at times students from these Colleges used to come to St. John's.

Life at Cambridge did not consist only of lecturing to University people: there were splendid friends who welcomed one to their family gatherings; how one loves to hear from some of them again now that the years have come and gone on their way. Men were up at the University whom I had known at School. And then how many men one used to get to know who were making their mark even then, and were going to leave the generation all the richer for their co-operation.

For instance, when I was at Nottingham on Extension work, I was brought into touch with Dr. Paton, and his son Lewis showed me over the town. A little later he turned up in Cambridge as an undergraduate, and it was my turn to show him his way about the University. What a life Lewis Paton has lived since, and how much Manchester, for one place, has owed to him! It is good to see him again even now, after all the years.

Another well-known man was, at the time I began to know him, at Trinity. He used to help in the Castle End Mission meetings on a Saturday night. John McClure he was at that time, but not only Mill Hill generations but the world generally has thought of him as Sir John for many years. Of another, too, I must speak. He had come up to St. John's as a scholar during the last year that I spent there. His father I knew in Bristol, and he himself has become even more famous since those early days: I mean T. R. Glover, who covered himself with glory not only in the University, where

he was the Public Orator, but in many departments of human life which have been reached and helped by his writings.

I would like to add a word about those whose influence during my time in Cambridge has been of real value. Guttridge, the minister of Victoria Road Church, was always the example of what a consecrated life should be. I was able to assist him and his co-workers in some ways, but his life was a blessing to me and to many others. And Mrs. Whibley, with whom I worked at the Castle End Mission, was one of the devoted people whose lives leave a permanent blessing behind.

I would like to hasten to the time when my brother and I made up our minds that we must go out to the Far East in answer to the call that had come for volunteers. My father had left Paris for some time; he had lost his dear wife, my mother, and had been feeling the burden of advanced years. When his time for liberation came, we felt that we were free to answer the claims of the Foreign Field. We arranged that as soon as Dr. Wardlaw Thompson returned from his yearly holiday he should receive by the same post letters telling of our desire to offer ourselves as recruits. An interview with him followed soon afterwards, and we had a year to give up our work (my brother was a solicitor) and prepare for the new life.

It meant a year of special helpfulness to me, as I was free enough to go round to various centres where meetings were arranged. Especially do I remember the meetings that were held that autumn at Southport. Horton, Arnold Thomas, Elkanah Armitage, and Berry of Wolverhampton, had issued appeals for the Missionary cause. When the assembly got together at Southport it was felt that the first thing to arrange was a prayer meeting. It was held in the early morning, at 7 a.m. if I remember right, and Horton generally presided. But when I say "presided" that was all that he did, for the volume of prayer that went up from those morning gatherings had not been known before.

The other meetings of the Society were affected by these splendid uplifting starts each morning, and I think that no one who was present at that autumnal gathering of the Society can ever forget their influence. Other meetings followed in various parts of the country, and finally the next year, at Bradford, the presence of most of those who had responded to the call left an impression behind that has not yet been lost.

October came, and with it the duty of packing up and preparing for the voyage, new to most of those who were going out. We had with us Dr. Gillison as an old member of the Society. He was in charge of the L.M.S. recruits, while other Societies were also well represented, such as for instance the China Inland. When on that dismal day at the end of October our boat set sail, we had our

opportunity on board of telling why we were going out. Opposition there was, at first, but it disappeared and we left friends behind at the various places we called at, and finally reached Shanghai, and, later on, Hankow, to which our party was going.

Can we speak of Dr. John and his small band of helpers? Of Arnold Foster, Bonsey, Sparham, of others whom we got to know before long, and especially of David Hill who was in the Wesleyan Mission. Before long my brother had to start on his long journey up the River to Chung-King. At that time only small boats were doing this hard trip. There were no steamers to attempt the difficult passage. At one place the rope on which fifty men were pulling broke, and his boat was wrecked. His books and stores, his clothes and the goods he was taking up for others, were soaked through. They had to wait on the banks and dry as much as would dry, pack the rest as well as they could, and complete the journey. He came down again to marry Miss Harris, but died a fortnight after his wedding day. His widow died the next year from the same hideous complaint, dysentery, from which many of our people suffered in those days.

After some three years in Wuchang, just opposite to Hankow, I was moved to the North of China, and went up by coastal steamer to Tientsin. Our boat took us as far as the mouth of the river, and we were left to get to Tientsin as well as we could. It was on a cold night that we got at last to the L.M.S. Compound in what was afterwards the French Concession. Jonathan Lees was in charge of the places around Tientsin at that time. The Brysons were at home on furlough, Dr. Smith was in charge of the medical work, and Miss Winterbotham was looking after the women's meetings. Murray, of the country work, was also there at that time. A small house was at our disposal on the opposite side of the Taku Road that went past the Mission.

Changing from Hankow to Tientsin pronunciation was a part of the work that had to be faced, and passing the last L.M.S. Examination for new-comers was the chief task put before me. Happily some special openings came along very soon. The first Sunday after arrival in the North a band of young students arrived from Hong Kong to help in the start of a new University. They did not understand the Northern dialect, so that a gathering was soon arranged for them in my house, where they met every Sunday afternoon.

Soon after reaching Tientsin it was arranged by English and American ladies that a copy of the New Testament be especially prepared for presentation to the Empress Dowager on her 60th birthday. She received this gift very graciously, and it seemed as if matters might progress, but the future was not as the hopes of these ladies. On New Year's Day in the next year as we were

walking along the road towards evening we noticed that the sun went down eclipsed. We knew at once that this would mean some event that was much to be dreaded by the Chinese, and we were wondering how they would take the phenomenon. Things went on quietly enough through most of the year. Around the young Emperor, in Peking, a number of young officials were gathered, led by a man called Kang Yu Wei. Suddenly the Empress acted, and most of these young men were arrested, together with the Emperor himself. Not a few of them were put to death, and the end seemed put to the good things that had been happening.

Then followed the Boxer troubles and the slaughter of hundreds of Chinese Christians together with many missionaries, especially in the neighbouring province of Shansi. The story of Peking is well known and need not be referred to, but in the next year, when matters seemed to be settling down again, there came the opportunity of doing some special thing for the sake of Christ among the young fellows of Tientsin and the neighbourhood.

I felt that a College that would give them the new learning for which many were longing and would have the opportunity of presenting not only the science that seemed to have grown necessary to them after the failure of the Boxer movement, but also the claims of our Lord and Leader. So early in February the lists were ready for signature by any of the young men around us in Tientsin. I did not know for how many preparation should be made, but I was delighted after the first day of enlistment to find that we had more than half a hundred who were able to begin their new studies. So we began in February of that year, 1902, and I am glad to say that the work then making its start has gone on ever since with only a break here and there through some special form of opposition from outsiders.

Now the College is a different affair from what it was in those early days. There are to-day as far as I know, for news reaches us with difficulty at this time, over 500 students. They are divided into Junior and Senior departments, and the number of teachers, chiefly if not altogether Chinese, is almost as great as the gathering of students at the start of the work. The examinations are conducted on lines approved by the Government, as are the general lines of the curriculum.

But it is especially of the men who have helped in this College that I want to make mention as I close this account. J. B. Tayler came out early to help, and he has rendered fine assistance to China in her recent attempts to make herself right; then two Mill Hill men came out in the early years, Thorpe, who is still helping in the Boys' School at Eltham, and R. E. F. Peill, the youngest of the Peill brothers, whose life ended on Easter Sunday eleven years ago at Norwich. Then there is still, hard at work at Tientsin, C. H. B.

Longman, who has been longer than anyone else in the organizations of the T.A.C.C., as we term the Tientsin Anglo-Chinese College. Jowett Murray, the son of Sir James, is still in North China working with all the energy of his race, while Anderson is fulfilling his desire for active service with the China Inland Mission. We cannot forget the two who have died, Harry Carritt, from the War of 25 years ago, and Eric Scarlett, who had come out with such promise of splendid achievements, and who died at the hands of brigands at Pei Tai Ho. A. P. Cullen was with him at the time; he had come to us after his training at my old College and at Mansfield, and has in front of him years of service for the T.A.C.C., we hope. Nor can we put out of mind the splendid service rendered to the college by Freer Kelsey, who is still in touch with his former colleagues.

We have with us out there Gerald Luxon, who had helped in similar work in Shanghai, and the Thompsons, who have begun their second term of service. Another has had to leave us recently who is well known to all our readers: I mean Eric Liddell, who had come to us covered with fame from the football fields of Edinburgh and the Olympic Games of Paris. With these may I mention the one without whom I could not have carried on this work—my dear wife?

Each year we have found that the College can contribute a share in the Evangelistic efforts of the L.M.S. in North China. We have rejoiced as we have seen men coming forward as candidates for Baptism, and we have given thanks over the names of those who have been received into the Church of Christ. May I conclude by expressing my deepest wish that this enterprise for God may be remembered and prayed for by those who have accompanied me in my review of these Seventy-Five Years?

ALSO RECEIVED.

- A Christian Year Book.* S.C.M. 2s. 6d. "A Popular Reference Book of Places, People and Events, Societies and Churches—including those concerned with the Ecumenical Christian Movement". Will be found extremely useful.
- D. M. GILL and A. M. PULLEN. *Where There's a Will.* N.S.S.U. 2s. Eight stories of "Man's Use of God's Gifts".
- E. H. HAYES and LILIAN E. COX. *Yarns on Christian Torchbearers.* Religious Education Press. 1s. 3d.
- A. H. HAFFENDEN. *99 Stanzas European.* Daniel. 2s. 6d. A "clarionesq", whatever that might be!

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS.

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not only serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE FUTURE.

THE outlook of the educationalist today differs in three main respects, perhaps, from that of his predecessor of forty years ago. In the first place, whereas it used to be taken for granted that the chief duty of the school was to inculcate knowledge, it is felt now that the training of the conscious part of the mind is by no means all important: the healthy development of the unconscious parts is the concern of education too. The school must help the child to approach life with sensitive understanding as well as teach useful facts and foster sound learning. Secondly, it has been realized afresh all over Europe that the individual is greatly influenced by the society of which he is a member, for the group to which he belongs tends to determine not merely the ways in which he looks at things, but the ways in which he is unable to look at them. One of the most powerful means of insuring that the individual grows up with certain sympathies and beliefs must therefore be to secure that he belongs to a group already possessed of them. Indeed it is not possible to educate the individual in separation from a society. Thirdly, the modern educator believes that the best sort of discipline is not the kind produced by commands and repression, but the self-discipline which comes with the growth in the child of a sense of purpose and responsibility. He therefore tries to arrange an environment for the child in which plenty of activity and initiative is called for, and is not content with a school in which the child's chief occupation is to sit still and absorb facts.

The decline in numbers attending Sunday School in almost all denominations of the Christian Church in England has many causes. One of them, of course, is the decline of the birth-rate during the past twenty years—there are many fewer children in England today than at any time during the past hundred years. But the decline in Sunday School attendance is proportionately greater than the decline in the birth-rate. The growth of a different attitude to Sunday, the non-interest of a considerable number of people in religion, and the increased attractiveness and efficiency of the day-school are all factors affecting the situation. The Sunday School, in spite of all the reorganizations and improvements which have come into it during the past forty years, still merits the charge of being out-of-date in its methods.

Mr. Hamilton, in his small book *The Family Church*¹ and the teaching handbooks which accompany it, makes a new approach to the whole problem of the Sunday School. *The Family Church* itself is a highly concentrated setting-forth of the principles and practice of a remarkable experiment in Christian education which, with the co-operation of a number of selected churches, he has been putting into operation during the past three years. The handbooks are intended for the guidance and use of Sunday School workers who are conducting their work along the lines advocated; others will follow until the whole course (Primary, Junior, and Intermediate) has been covered.

Mr. Hamilton starts from the truth that the Christian experience cannot be fully understood or enjoyed apart from life in a Christian community. The most important agency in Christian education is a Christian home, but the more certainly we believe that, the more inevitably must we come to see that when the church plays its part it must be *in loco parentis*. How is it that despite improved methods and curriculum the Sunday School so frequently fails to lead young people into the church? The reason lies in the fact that the Sunday School exists as a separate body from the church itself. As long as it does so, how can the children who go to it come to feel that they are members of a family? As Mr. Hamilton so justly remarks,

The associations of the word "school" are "teacher", "class", "lesson", even "examination"; these are not the proper associations for Christian education.

He suggests that we should adopt as a guiding principle, "No child in the school without a friend in the church". The first way of bringing the members of the church into living relationship with the children would be to recruit "church friends" for them at baptism. The choice of such friends would obviously be a delicate matter, and parental approval would have to be sought for the choice made by the church. But experience has shown that difficulties and prejudices can be overcome; and that many church members will on their part feel a call to such office. But the scheme would take years to mature. What of immediate steps which might be taken to unify school and church? Mr. Hamilton recommends the formation of a "Family Council", attended by leaders of both Sunday School and week-night work; and, more especially, that there should be no Young People's organization or department of the school which has not its friends among the members of the church who are drawn to share its life in practical ways. It is not only or chiefly through talking that relationships form but through shared activities.

It is of crucial importance that children should have opportunities for worship not only with other children but with the whole family of God. To secure this the principal conditions are that older and younger should sit together as families, and that every act should be such that all can share in it. The time of family worship would be the main occasion of educational work, but it might be best for the children to go out to their separate departments for a period afterwards. The services for children and adults would, however, finish at the same time so that the children and their parents or their church friends could go home together.

Four occasions of the year—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide and Harvest—with perhaps the Church Anniversary as a fifth—present special opportunities for young and old in the church to rejoice together; and the services

¹ *The Family Church in Principle and Practice*, by H. A. Hamilton (Independent Press, 1s. 6d.); *Christian Education Handbooks* edited by H. A. Hamilton: Primary (First Year); Junior (First Year); Intermediate (First Year). (Independent Press, 3s. 6d. each).

on those days can be built up by contributions from each department of the church. The work of each department is accordingly planned to lead up to the festivals of the church in this way.

Mr. Hamilton has some sensible things to say about the right use of the Bible in the teaching of children. "Our task", he says, "is not merely the giving of history lessons, but to make plain something which is at work now and not far from every one of us". And this will involve a sharp divergence from the methods of factual instruction which have so often been the accepted means of teaching Bible knowledge. But if the Bible is to mean anything that is really to live in the mind, what it says must be connected with life as the children experience it. The school must not be a place where the children are for most of the time passive; but where activity is frequent and purposive.

The *Christian Education Handbooks* which form the counterpart of *The Family Church* are filled with practical suggestions and helps to the Sunday School staff in their carrying out of the principles so clearly laid down. It is desirable that the Handbooks should find their way into the hands of the "church friends" also, for they bring out the conception of church and school as one community and show the many ways in which members of the church with varied interests and functions are going to be used by the school. Throughout, the children are given a function in the life of the church and opportunities for all sorts of service of a Christian kind to their neighbourhood. Instead of merely being treated as children, they find themselves being taken seriously as members of a society with a great contribution to make. The activities of the children—dramatizations, model-making, gift-making—have not only purpose in themselves but a reference to the grown-ups as a potential audience. The children learn not just by what the teacher says but by reading, drawing, and writing for themselves, by group work and group discussion, by the use of films and slides and by many visits to diverse places: the church, its organ, its societies, mid-week visits to homes and social work. A real attempt is made with Infants, Juniors, and the older children not to be over-intellectual in approach. In an excellent passage in the Primary Course (First Year) Mr. Hamilton meets the critic who urges that training through the senses has nothing to do with religion, that to teach the Bible and show the way of Christ is all:

But think for a moment of what religion is, and children's religion especially. It is essentially that which involves their feelings more than their minds. The appeal that Jesus made was to the wisdom of the heart. He demanded, not a greater knowledge of the Law, but a new interpretation of a "changed heart". And that is primarily our responsibility with the children. While we want to be certain that the knowledge we give them is sound, our aim goes beyond this.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to give an impression of Mr. Hamilton's approach, his vision of the children's contribution to the life of the whole church. One cannot but feel that church as well as children would profit greatly from the adoption of his suggestions—and the enthusiastic evidence given by the churches who have been testing out his proposal makes this clear. There are weaknesses and evadings of a few of the difficulties, of course—social differences between the children of the parents of the church and the children who may have been adopted by those parents as church friends are bound to be a difficulty sometimes as well as a Christian challenge; though it is suggested that the children should visit a Salvation Army meeting there is no suggestion that they should go to an Anglican one; the educational value of model-making can easily be over-rated; one hopes that there will be greater contact between day and Sunday School than seems to

be envisaged. But these are minor criticisms when set alongside the great merits of the scheme. If the church is to have any chance of avoiding defeat in its work with children, the main principles here advocated must win support and find their expression in practice. The victories won in the day school during the past quarter of a century—often against heavy odds and entrenched opposition—have essentially been victories of the spirit over narrowness of understanding of what education is and over lack of faith in the child's own nature. The church's insight into the child's needs and potentialities ought to be yet greater and deeper than that of the world. For the children are the church that is to be.

W. R. NIBLETT.

BRISTOL IN WAR-TIME.

"BRISTOL is a mess!" was the comment of His Majesty the King when he gazed upon the ruins of our city. It was some comfort to the citizens of Bristol to know that the leaders of the Nation were not unaware of the facts. For the studied moderation of the wireless reports was cold comfort. The "City of Churches" is now a city of ruins. We have had hundreds of "alerts" and eight or nine major raids. But the effect, here as everywhere, has been to show the superb heroism that lies hidden in the common people, and to destroy utterly any spirit of defeatism that may have lurked in a few cowardly breasts.

Every denomination has suffered in the holocaust of churches, but the Congregationalists have probably suffered most in proportion to their number. No less than 12 of our churches have been destroyed or made unusable for a long period. But not a single church has ceased to maintain its fellowship in worship and service. Redland Park is worshipping with its nearest Methodist neighbours in Trinity Methodist Church. This is one of the Methodist Churches where the *Book of Common Prayer* is still used, and the ex-Chairman of the Union is having an interesting experience in the conduct of liturgical worship. Highbury Chapel is out of use for the duration, and the congregation worshipped for a time in the Hall of Western College, which proved to be a beautiful sanctuary. They have now removed to their own Lecture Hall. The Presbyterians are making use of the Broadmead Schoolroom. One Methodist congregation has accepted the kind offer of an Anglican church. All this hospitality and interchange will do more to promote union than much ecclesiastical debate.

Bristol is well provided with surface shelters, but we have nothing comparable to the vast underground shelters in London. But it has been found that many people desired some deeper refuge from the noise of gunfire and bombs, and unauthorized tunnels and caves have been made use of. A Shelter Committee, working in conjunction with the Council of Christian Churches, has done good work in caring for these people, and services have been held where crowds are wont to gather.

Bristol was one of the first cities to organize hostel accommodation for people bombed out of their homes. In the early days of the war a large committee of ministers and clergy, under the chairmanship of the Dean, was entrusted with this task by the local authority. The scheme has worked well, and many church halls have been filled with people for several nights after a severe raid. In some cases they were unwilling to return to their homes, and they have been allowed to stay for a much longer period. Some of our church and mission premises have thus quite a large resident population, and a very fine piece of work has been done caring for these nerve-

shattered people. But there are some cases, especially among older people, where a removal from Bristol to some quieter place in the country is needed. The Council of Christian Churches has taken a large house in Somerset where such people can be sent, for a short or long period. This is meeting a very real need, and is a fine example of the Church in action. The Bristol Methodist Mission (Central Hall) has also a home of rest at Nailsea, where a number of women who have been rendered homeless have found refuge.

Special mention should be made of the splendid work that has been done at the Methodist Central Hall. We find in Bristol, as elsewhere, that though the public authorities have the will and the power to give immediate relief in food and clothing and money to the victims of air-raids, it is some time before people discover to whom to turn, and there is still a lingering prejudice against public relief. But the Central Hall is well known to thousands, and it has been able to help a multitude of cases. The staff make an extensive visitation of the bombed areas immediately after every raid, and offer help and friendship to all in need.

Many people have left Bristol and congregations are reduced. But among those who have remained there is a bond of fellowship which will not be easily broken. Canon Holland, writing of Dean Church, says:

There was at the base of his character a strain of austerity. . . . There was the deep undertone of one who had passed through the fire, who had survived the tremendous hour.

There will always be a "deep undertone" in the fellowship of those of us who are together passing through the fire, and who survive this tremendous hour.

K. L. PARRY.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS.

MR. H. V. MORTON'S *In the Steps of the Master* (2s.) is now included in Methuen's Modern Classics. From that book and from *In the Steps of St. Paul* and *Through Lands of the Bible* Mr. Morton has taken sections referring to travel in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Turkey, and Greece, revising where necessary, and from them has made *Middle East* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.). Dr. A. D. Lindsay's broadcast addresses, *I Believe in Democracy* (Oxford Press), is now 6d. The Rev. L. Sale-Harrison's book on *Revelation, The Wonders of the Great Unveiling* is in a third revised edition (Pickering, 4s. 6d.).

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

THE *Concise Guides* for the Summer Quarter are ready (Relig. Educ. Press, 1s., except Beginners', which is 9d.). The N.S.S.U. have issued four Pilgrim Crossword Puzzle Books, based on Bible stories (4d.). The Oxford Pamphlets (now 4d.) maintain a high standard. It is humiliating to think that in these days a book on astrology is needed; Prof. C. F. Rogers does all that is necessary in *Astrology in the Light of Science and Religion* (S.C.M., 1s. 3d.). The Essex Hall Lecture this year is Dr. Jan Masaryk's *The Immortal Soul in Danger* (Lindsey Press, 1s.), and from the same publishers comes the Rev. L. J. Belton's *Can We Still Believe in Man?* (1s.).

ON LIFE AND BOOKS

HISTORIAN AND AMBASSADOR.

It is passing strange that in his Introduction to *Ambassador Dodd's Diary* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Charles A. Beard never mentions the outstanding American example of historian as ambassador—Motley. He cites the appointments of George Bancroft and Andrew D. White as precedents for President Roosevelt's appointment of a historian to Berlin, and shows that in 1933 the President had to look for one "acquainted with the German language, with German history, literature, politics, policies, traditions, and life. This meant choosing someone of scholarly attainments, for knowledge of German history, traditions, policies, and life could only be acquired by years of study and experience in Germany". He turned to William E. Dodd, holder of a doctor's degree from Leipzig, for a quarter of a century a Professor of History at Chicago, and recently elected as President of the American Historical Association.

For four difficult years this American Puritan with Baptist traditions represented the United States in Germany. His daughter, showing a frankness which must often have been embarrassing to her father, has already described her life in Germany, and now she has given the world the diary the Ambassador kept during his uneasy tenure of office.

It was uneasy in many ways. Had Germany not been under Hitler's heel, Dodd's determination to live on the ambassadorial salary would yet have made the position difficult, for too often Ambassadors—and not the least those of the United States—have been men of great wealth who have spent lavishly and entertained freely. This not only caused uncomfortable comparisons, but it resulted in frequent representations by Dodd to the President against the appointment to diplomatic posts of those whose only qualification was the possession of wealth. The simplicity of his own tastes appears in his constant references to the cost of hospitality, the giving of tips, and in such references as—on the return from a dinner at Von Ribbentrop's:

We returned, quite tired and disgusted, at 11 o'clock. I had a good baked apple and a glass of milk before I went to sleep.

Then Dodd found it difficult to live up to the ambassadorial function of "lying abroad for the benefit of his country". He was honest and outspoken; he believed Hitler, Goebbels, and Goering were murderers, and he hated to have to shake hands with them. To attend party demonstrations when democracy was denounced seemed to him hypocrisy, and he avoided them whenever possible. He found it difficult to hide his feelings, and lacked that suppleness which is almost an essential quality in diplomacy: there is much to be said for Puritan rigidity, but it scarcely leads to understanding of and sympathy with modes of life and thought that are novel. One used to the class-room naturally found much to annoy in embassies and chancelleries, even as the teetotaller generally stiffens and looks severe in the company of those accustomed to take their wine. Almost from the start Dodd began to ask himself whether he ought to resign. Thus, on July 8, 1934:

My task here is to work for peace and better relations. I do not see how anything can be done so long as Hitler, Goering and Goebbels are

the directing heads of the country. Never have I heard or read of three more unfit men in high place. Ought I to resign?

Dodd, therefore, was scarcely a success in Berlin, though there is no certainty that one trained to the trade would have done any better; did not our own Ambassador describe "the failure of a mission"? The diary, however, is unlikely to make any reader enamoured of the diplomat's job; indeed, debating societies might well, instead of discussing "Can a Christian be a Publican?", ask "Can a Christian be an Ambassador?". Here are the Ambassador's descriptions of those with whom he had to deal:

A unique triumvirate! Hitler, less educated, more romantic, with a semi-criminal record; Goebbels and Goering, both Doctors of Philosophy, both animated by intense class and foreign hatreds and both willing to resort to the most ruthless methods. They do not love each other, but in order to maintain their power, they have to sit down together. I do not think there has ever been in modern history such a unique group. There was such a group in ancient Rome.

Again:

Hitler knows no history, Goering is even less informed, Goebbels is utterly incompetent except in his German propaganda, and success in this may not be real. These three supremely egotistical men are supposed to be together at Berchtesgaden today trying to decide upon German policy, all pretending to think that 90 per cent of all Germans are behind them. What they will do, one can hardly guess, but wisdom can scarcely be expected of three such men.

The adulation of Hitler was a continual irritant. On May 1, 1935, describing Labour Day, Dodd wrote

[Hitler] said he would rather be a German peasant without a home than a citizen of any other country. He is an Austrian and is reported to be a millionaire.

The great day passed without other events than the speeches here of Hitler and Goebbels, the latter having compared his chief to Joan of Arc as the one person who converses with God Almighty about his country's affairs.

At the Passion Play at Oberammergau:

When Jesus was tried before the angry Jewish Court, a well-dressed German, looking very solemn, said to me: "*Es ist unser Hitler*". Ida Horne, a distant kinswoman of mine, sitting in another part of the hall, told me as we came out together: "A woman near me said, as Judas received his thirty pieces of silver, '*Es ist Roehm!*'" I suspect half the audience, the German part, considers Hitler as Germany's Messiah.

In 1935 it is interesting to note Hitler is said to hate Mussolini, "though he imitates him". One wonders what the relation of the two Dictators is six years later.

The Ambassador's favourite word is "attitudes", and many pages could be filled in describing the "attitudes" of the politicians and diplomats resident in Berlin. France and Britain do not emerge from these pages much more satisfactorily than Germany. Here is a lurid light on the policy of France in regard to Abyssinia:

I had an interesting talk at noon today with Armand Bérard. He frankly said: "France is perturbed, especially at England's acceptance of Hitler's promises as sincere. We cannot believe he is pacific, but the French people will not go to war. We made a pact with Italy last year, much as we disliked Mussolini, simply to stop German aggression,

and we had to promise him the annexation of Abyssinia. I hope Mussolini has sense enough to annex a little of the country at a time, as we did in Morocco. We have urged that upon the Italians. They may not observe this and precipitate trouble”.

In 1934 we have “the British arms people selling for cash [to Germany] enormous quantities of war supplies”—and the United States, of course, in the same boat:

Norman Ebbutt of the *London Times* came in to give me a report on the effects of the London protest to Hitler about rearming—a protest made after England and the United States have sold millions of dollars’ worth of arms to Germany.

Britain’s foreign policy in these days led Dodd to conclude that the Empire had entered on the period of decline. In 1935 the British Ambassador agreed

that Mussolini really aims at getting control of the Suez Canal and of Egypt. That means the beginning of the decline of the British Empire, not unlike the decline of Holland after 1713, I said. He did not say “no” and I did not press the point for discussion. It is plain to me that if Italy wins the struggle against Abyssinia, the League of Nations will mean nothing in the future and England’s position will be increasingly difficult. What a pity to have the leader of modern civilization lose its power and prestige! The land of Shakespeare and Milton going under.

Later, in 1936, Dodd wrote:

Poor, rich, powerful England, for three hundred years the leading cultural country of the world, the builder of the amazing empire of 1600 to 1914—now beginning to decline. If Italy seizes her strategic positions in the Mediterranean, as Mussolini plans to do, the Empire will begin to fall to pieces. If Germany under Hitler or his successor seizes the control of the Balkan States to Constantinople, as planned, then England loses her leadership of western Europe. To me these moves seem logical, tragic but inevitable. They will be calamitous for the ideals of the English people whose leaders during the past six or eight years have made the saddest blunders possible.

Nevertheless the Ambassador remained a convinced believer in democracy. Commenting on the folly of the American Ambassador in Rome calling him on long distant ‘phone from Rome he remarked that “no wires in Europe, England excepted, are ever free from eavesdroppers” to such conversations; and a reference, in 1937, to our sanest newspaper is worthy of quotation:

The *London Times* correspondent says his paper refuses to print more than half his stories now, but the *Manchester Guardian* publishes accounts which seem to reach it through secret channels via the Foreign Office in London.

The references to Lord Lothian are rather disquieting, but Lothian’s friends know that for some time he had been coming to believe that the world of the future would be organized in some half-a-dozen large groups in which the smaller nations would be incorporated. And all the signs of the times point in this direction.

This article may fittingly conclude with some mention of the Ambassador’s attitude to religion. He says: “I was reared a Baptist, and am still a non-active member at Hyde Park, Chicago”. (Query: What is a non-active member of a Christian Church?) He believed that Christianity, faithfully practised, would give peace to the world:

European nations have practised war since the fall of the Roman Empire; what might not civilization have become if peoples could have learned the basic principles of Christianity which all Western peoples have professed superficially for a thousand years?

But for Christians the most searching passage in the diary is an account of a Catholic memorial service for Pilsudski, the Dictator of Poland. After describing the unintelligible (to most of the hearers) Latin service, and "the incense which I think Jesus never used", he wrote:

To me it was all half-absurd. I do not know much about Pilsudski, except that he was a dictator who put people to death when they opposed him. Why so much religious ceremony when no one could have imagined him to be a Christian? But there was probably not one follower of Jesus in the whole congregation. I wondered how German Lutherans and Catholics would honour Hitler, a professed Catholic, if he should die. He has murdered or caused to be murdered hundreds of innocent people. Yet all of us diplomats would be called into the churches to pay tribute to him as a Christian in case of his death.

I came away from the Cathedral at 12.20 rather relieved to be free from such hypocrisy. Some people may not feel as I do. To me the actual teachings of the simple, direct-minded Jesus were exceedingly important and early Christianity really democratic. Now neither the Catholics nor the Protestants believe in, nor practise, Christian or democratic principles. Since my college days, when I was president of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute student Y.M.C.A., I have come slowly to recognize the insincerity of people who call themselves Christians, and I have been compelled out of honesty to cease attending church services, save on certain official occasions. If men were Christians there would be no war, also none of the terrible exploitations which our business men have applied to our people.

William E. Dodd may not have been a great Ambassador, but this diary will give a jolt to many in Church as well as in State. Thus, being dead, he may serve the cause he had at heart better than when he was alive.

ALBERT PEEL.

WORTH NOTING FROM RECENT BOOKS

DOCTOR GOEBBELS carefully studied the internal policy of each country that was on Germany's list of victims. Ever since the accession to power of Hitler, the National Socialists of Germany had seen one great danger: namely, that the various nations of Europe who felt themselves threatened by an expansive Germany would organize in one common front. The greatest bogey in Nazi eyes was the "collective security" so often voiced by progressives and democrats in the world, and later even much emphasized (but only for a time) by Russia. There is no doubt that if Britain and France had been led by visionaries instead of by petty politicians, they would have nurtured and encouraged the idea of collective security all over Europe, with or without the aid of the League of Nations. . . .

Leslie Hore-Belisha, the British War Minister, insisted that his country should pay for the extension of a strong Maginot Line to the North Sea—he knew what he was talking about—but "appeaser" Sir John Simon objected to such a huge expenditure. And Hore-Belisha had to go.

M. W. FODOR, *The Revolution is On.*

FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Rainer Maria Rilke. By E. M. BUTLER. Cambridge Press. 25s.

Training in Christianity. By SOREN KIERKEGAARD, translated with introduction and notes by W. LOWRIE. Oxford Press. 12s. 6d.

For Self Examination and Judge for Yourselves and Three Discourses (1851). By SOREN KIERKEGAARD, translated by W. LOWRIE. Oxford Press. 10s. 6d.

The Gestapo Defied, being the last 28 sermons of Martin Niemöller. Hodge. 6s.

Not unfittingly do these four books fall to be noticed together. They all give information, none the less important for not being topical, about countries separated from us by war. One of them tells the life story of a German Czech who haunts the modern world with his poetry, two others give discourses written in Copenhagen about 1850 by one of the masters both of Rilke and the present age. And the last, the cheapest and perhaps the most valuable, gives the most vibrant proclamation of the Christian gospel in the face of persecution which our day has seen.

Any who noted the extensive space given to Rilke in Mr. Bithell's *Modern German Literature*, recently reviewed here, will welcome this careful biography by the Professor of German in Manchester. The story is competently told, and it is more poignant than pleasant. The struggles of this delicate soul to find a balanced way of life and self-expression have more of the pathetic than the heroic about them. "He underrated humanity" (p. 276) yet was "phenomenally susceptible to aesthetic influences, to atmosphere, to latitude, to landscapes, to the past, to spiritual forces subtle, sublime or terrible" (p. 416). Miss Butler seems to have patiently worked through the mass of external evidence available; she neglects nothing and omits nothing of the happenings and relationships in the poet's life. Whether such a method is competent to seize the inner life of a genius is open to question. In Rilke's case Paul Valéry's apparently severe dictum has unusual point: *Tout ce que l'on peut savoir de l'œuvre d'art est insignifiant*. I for one do not regret that the attempt has been made, even for Rilke, and I welcome in particular the more timely than fashionable contention that the theological content of Rilke's poetry is weak, its real power being rather aesthetic and visionary: "to see and hear through his eyes is to believe" (p. 425). It is a pity that good printing is marred by errors on pp. 16, 280.

The Oxford translations of Kierkegaard continue their majestic progress, although we still await the most valuable *Either-Or*. One would have liked handier and cheaper texts, but these are certainly a pleasure to read. And the matter of these two volumes (despite indifferent translation) is no less original than the *Christian Discourses* (cf. *C.Q.*, 1940, p. 421). These sermons show the same refreshing refusal to blunt the edges of the Gospel, to contaminate and dilute its moral imperative with modern ideas. There are trenchant pages, for example, on the dangers of a Bible-reading that prefers scholarship to awareness of the direct Word of God:

Oh depth of cunning. They make God's Word something impersonal, objective, a doctrine—whereas instead it is as God's Word thou shouldst hear it. Thus it is the fathers heard it, God's dreadful voice—now it sounds as objeotive as printed calico¹.

¹ *For Self-Examination*, 64; cf. a similar passage, *Training in Christianity*, 123.

Has not this something fresh to say both to Barthian and Liberal? I cannot but think that in these critical days our Free Church preaching would be deeper and more effective if books like these were pondered.

The title given to Martin Niemöller's last sermons before his imprisonment may appear sensational, but it is an accurate description of the contents. This is political preaching, because any other is made impossible by the Nazi attack on the Church. These sermons mention case after case, in detail, thus defying the Gestapo that had silenced every other public forum in Germany. The trouble, the great trouble, and the promise, of a persecuted Church, as Karl Barth described them in a famous lecture, are in these burning pages laid bare. Texts are not twisted, but the preacher probes for the power of the Gospel in the presence of his enemies. The book could be read by atheists as a monument of human dignity. It should prevent any fair-minded person from thinking that there are no decent Germans: it gives evidence that there are hundreds. But to a Christian reader it brings cheer and godly disquiet. May it be granted us in the day of trouble to be as frank and fearless, as loyal to the Master and obedient to the Word, as is this very Nationalist German. Two passages will give a better taste of the book than long description. First an example of facts to which no German newspaper in 1936 dared make reference:

I need not go into detail about this. The one word Lübeck speaks too plainly for its import to be missed. Lübeck, the town in Germany where the preaching of the biblical Gospel is forbidden by the police; Lübeck, the town in the German Fatherland where all the evangelical preachers have been forcibly prevented by the police from bearing witness to the Lord Jesus Christ as the one Saviour and Redeemer.

Finally, without comment:

I tell you, the danger is great. It is a long time since anything has moved me so deeply inwardly as the words which I heard last week from the lips of a lonely colleague whom I met in the cemetery: Ah, dear brother, he said to me, compassion among men is dead. . . . We take the hardness of this time lightly. We should not however thus make light of our lack of love and pity but we should quietly confess that this time is doing its utmost to separate us from the love of Christ; we should confess that, so that we may repent and bethink ourselves of the Word which we have forgotten, the Word spoken to us by God concerning the grace given to sinners; we should confess it so that we may again let ourselves be given what we are threatened with losing.

W. G. MOORE.

History as the Story of Liberty. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

We have two alternatives on turning the last page of Benedetto Croce's volume, now translated into English—to seek seclusion for hours with a towel steeped in cold water round our head and write a review tomorrow, or to confess at once that we find the book baffling and bewildering. Time demands that we choose the second course, quoting in extenuation the titles of two of the chapters, "History Considered as a Premise of the Struggle between Value and Non-value" and "The Preparatory and Non-determinate Character of Historiography as Regards Action", leaving the reader to guess at the connection of these chapters with liberty. To Croce, history is "the act of comprehending and understanding induced by the requirements of practical life", and the writing of history "should get beyond life as it is lived, in order to present it in the shape of knowledge". Personally we

prefer Ranke's statement of the sole purpose of history—"to expound things as they really happened", but then Croce is more severe on Ranke than on any other historian, unless it be Taine, who "wallowed in a multitude of logical inexactitudes, never doubting or subjecting himself to self-criticism". There is no doubt much to be said in criticism of Ranke, but Croce goes too far; to dismiss him as merely "a pleasant and easy narrator" and "a minor and philosophically indifferent and inexpert mind" really will not do. At any rate, Ranke never wrote a book which gave readers such a struggle as this one, or one with so many loose ends. We forgive Croce, however, though not easily, for he reminds us of the Turkish Cadi mentioned by Layard, who thus replied to an English traveller who had asked for statistical and other information about the place where he lived:

What you ask me is at the same time difficult and useless. Although I have spent my life in this place, I have never counted the houses nor inquired how many inhabitants there are, and as to what a man loads on his mule or what another man rams into his boat, this is none of my business. But above all, as regards the past history of this city, God alone knows what mud and horridness the unfaithful must have fed upon, before the sword of Islam came. It cannot profit us to look into these things. Oh my soul! Oh my sweet lamb! Cease groping after things which don't concern you. You came among us and were welcome. Go in peace.

When there is time for seclusion and the wet towel we hope to discover "the story of liberty".

ALBERT PEEL.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.

(The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.)

The Forgiveness of Sins. By F. H. WALES, B.D. Oxford Press. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Wales has written an interesting and thoughtful book on the great subject of the Atonement. Its particular character is that it is half theological, half devotional. It is enriched with numerous quotations from Scripture, from the Fathers, from ancient and modern theologians, from the ritual of the Catholic Church, and from hymns and religious poetry of all periods. Mr. Wales has read widely and well, and has meditated deeply. He uses his quotations to express himself, and is not only clever but also successful in doing so.

The Preface to the book contains a definite disclaimer of theological intention and tendency. We are told that

the writer does not attempt to advance or appraise any theory of the Atonement, but desires rather to stress the supreme fact and its power and purpose of reconciliation for all who would be co-workers with Christ.

In accordance with the desire thus expressed the author sedulously preserves the ancient and time-honoured language of his subject; he continually, moreover, asserts that the Atonement is a mystery, and he evinces a particular affection for liturgical and mystical forms of religious utterance and indeed for religious mysticism itself. Nevertheless the outlines of a distinct theory of the Atonement are visible in *The Forgiveness of Sins*—the very name chosen for the book indicates the angle from which the whole subject is viewed. Over and over again it is stated and emphasized that the Atonement is entirely the work of Divine Love; the Cross is neither a means of expiation of sin nor of appeasement of God, but rather a means of reconciliation of the sinner to Him; if it is spoken of as a propitiation, it is to be observed that the propitiation works not upon God, but upon us. In other words, the word "propitiation" is used in an unusual sense; the essence of the Atonement is forgiveness, a forgiveness that proceeds from the Divine Love.

This being settled, the next question is how the forgiveness of sins is associated with repentance and with a moral change in the forgiven sinner. The trend of the argument so far has been Abelardian, and one would expect accordingly the Abelardian answer to this new question, *viz.*, that forgiveness is creative of moral change; love in God kindles love in man and so makes a new creature of him. But instead of this simple and coherent process of thought we now have introduced the Catholic doctrine of grace as a quality of the soul bestowed or infused by God, the doctrine to which Luther so strongly objected—and rightly, since it substitutes for a natural and psychological change one that is purely supernatural, mechanical, and indeed magical. Mr. Wales further goes on to tell us that the righteousness of the believer is infused and not imputed, whereas it is clear that the forgiveness of sins which he so strongly emphasizes is the same thing as the imputation of righteousness. Both terms refer to an action in the mind of

God, not to anything in the sinner, and Paul uses them as absolute equivalents in the classic passage, *Rom.* 4^{6, 7}.

It is not surprising that when Mr. Wales has once deviated from the line he seemed to be consistently pursuing he should go still further, and bring in the old idea of the Atonement as a reconciliation of Divine justice with Divine mercy. But having strongly repudiated the traditional doctrine of the Cross as appeasement, he is shut off from that way of showing justice and mercy to be reconciled. He accepts instead the notion, so popular at the present time, of a process of reconciliation within God Himself. Forgiveness, we are told, always implies cost to the forgiver who feels the weight of the sin he forgives. So it is, then, that God in forgiving does it at the cost of bearing sin Himself. In this way He forgives without infringement of His holiness.

It is very doubtful whether this modernization of the *temperamentum justitiae et misericordiae* can be justified either psychologically or Biblically. The notion of the cost of forgiveness to the forgiver seems to be based on a confusion of forgiveness itself with the process of its manifestation. Forgiveness itself is perfectly free and is indeed a joyous act on the part of the forgiver; but the manifestation of forgiving love in a sinful world may well be accompanied with grief over the hardness of men's hearts. Thus the cost involved in the Atonement is not the cost of forgiveness to God, but is the cost to Jesus of manifesting the Divine forgiveness: it is the suffering which He endured because of men's obduracy (*cf. Heb.* 12³, A.V. and R.V. marg.). This suffering was, however, human suffering; as especially in the New Testament *Hebrews* brings out. Ancient theology was true to the Bible when it maintained consistently that Jesus suffered in His human nature.

The idea of cost or price is of course not only germane to the subject of the Atonement, but is also important and valuable. Christian feeling will always respond with deep gratitude to what Jesus endured on the Cross, and indeed throughout His life.

*Tu pro me sedisti lassus;
Redemisti, crucem passus.*

But the natural explanation of the cost of the Atonement is to say that Jesus suffered because of His absolute faithfulness to His Divine mission of love and forgiveness. There is no valid reason for bringing in the very doubtful idea of the cost of forgiveness to God. If the purpose be to retain in a modernized form the principle of the old satisfaction-theory, the enterprise must certainly fail. Instead of the quite intelligible, if unethical, conception that Christ by His death offered to God a satisfaction for human sin, we have the extremely difficult notion of God making satisfaction to Himself, and we have it at the expense of abandoning the natural, clear, and beautiful thought that God's forgiveness, just because it is perfectly free, and is the very expression of His own nature, is the purest joy to Him (*cf. Lk.* 15^{7, 10, 32}).

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

Marxism, Is It Science? By MAX EASTMAN. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

According to Mr. Eastman, the trouble with Marxists is that they regard the world as an escalator, which it is not. They profess to reject religion in favour of science. At the same time they cherish a belief that the external universe is evolving with an assured necessity in the very direction they desire it to go. They ought to know that the external world in its own nature is completely indifferent both to them and to the Communist society which they wish to build in it, and that all they have to expect from it is to find in it the materials for their building. But instead of this they think of

themselves as travelling towards their goal in a world which is like a moving staircase taking them along in the same direction in which they are walking: they think of their opponents as walking on the same staircase, but in the direction opposed to its motion. "This", says Mr. Eastman, "is not a scientific, but, in the most technical sense, a religious conception of the world".

The object of Mr. Eastman's book is to free the jewel of Marxian science from the matrix of religion in which it was formed and is still immured. Marxianism is science, in so far as it is an original analysis of the conditions of human life. What the genius of Marx brought to light is that all human life and culture is based upon economics. Religion, art, and philosophy, and all the forms of culture, have an economic basis, and can only be changed by changing this basis. So far Marx was absolutely right; but he ought then to have perceived that to change the economic structure of society was a work entirely dependent upon the exercise of human freedom in the right direction. Not only must a careful analysis of all the conditions be made, but also a plan must be drawn out in accordance with the conditions. Marx indeed did outline such a plan, in so far as he called for an organization of workers and peasants to carry on a class struggle against the capitalists, get possession of the means of production, and establish a dictatorship of the proletariat. He also defined the goal to be reached as a classless society to which each would contribute according to his abilities and from which he would receive according to his needs. But Mr. Eastman considers that Marx was too vague and did not sufficiently work out either his aim or his plan. What vitiated the Marxian scheme was the belief that the change to the classless society was inevitable: it was part of the necessary evolution of the world. Just as Feudalism inevitably gave way to Capitalism, so Capitalism must inevitably make room for Communism. This is what Mr. Eastman calls the Marxian religion, although the Marxians themselves would be far from admitting it to be religion. What they call it is "Dialectic": it is in a word the dialectic of Hegel transposed from the realm of thought into the material world. Every economic structure necessarily produces its own antithesis of destruction, out of the clash and conflict with which arises phoenix-like the synthesis of the new order that is to supersede it: the process goes on till the final goal of the whole evolution is reached, which Marx held Communism to be.

The reason why Mr. Eastman calls this "religion" is that he defines religion as the belief that at bottom the universe is on the side of man in his efforts towards his goal. The definition is sound; both the Hegelian philosophy and the Marxian adaptation of it are forms of religious belief. Mr. Eastman admits that a faith in the kindness of the universe may be a spur to human effort; but he holds that such a faith is pure illusion, and that Marxism would be all the stronger if it faced the facts and recognized that man has nothing to rely on but his own efforts. He would then be driven to define his aim more exactly, to examine the conditions of his working more precisely, and to devise the means of his attainment more carefully. The only religion Mr. Eastman would leave the Marxist is a marvel at the mystery of the universe, an awe before the Great Unknown.

The reviewer is not concerned either to attack or defend Communism as an order of society: that is a matter for economists and politicians. But, as a theologian, he feels impelled to ask Mr. Eastman whether anyone could ever set to work in this world for any object whatsoever without some implied and underlying faith in the favourableness of the world to his desires. If the world is altogether indifferent to us, it would be useless to expect from it even the materials for our structure (which Mr. Eastman admits may

reasonably be expected). To try to build a social structure in a completely indifferent world would be like trying to build a vertical wall out of loose grains of sand that have not the least intention of remaining in the vertical. An entirely indifferent world must remain indifferent, however long we work upon it. It does not seem possible that any scientific analysis or any practical construction could exist in a universe altogether alien from human purposes. That is the reflection suggested and compelled by Mr. Eastman's very interesting book.

It should be added that Mr. Eastman considers that the defects of Marxism have been overcome to some extent by the Anarchists and by Lenin. The Anarchists more carefully defined the society which was to be desired: Kropotkin thought of it as that form of society which is most likely to allow the total sum of human happiness to become both more complete and more varied. Lenin further defined the means by which the desired end was to be brought about, *viz.*, the creation of a party of professional revolutionists in sympathy with the needs of the proletariat. It is true that Lenin at the same time held on to the Marxian philosophy: but what he still continued to maintain in theory did not affect his practice. Thus at least on the practical side he brought about the very modification of Marxism which Mr. Eastman regards as absolutely necessary.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

The Eternity of Time. By A. P. SHEPHERD, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.

Dr. Shepherd seeks to build a bridge from Time to Eternity by means of an examination of the formation of personality in the present life. What are the conditions of our life here? First, there is the external world which serves as our environment. Next, there is the self which is placed within it and reacts upon it in the development of experience. Our experience is not just a transcript from the external world, but is largely due to the reaction of the self. We commonly think of this experience as over and done with when we have passed through it. But this is a mistake. It is in any case partly recoverable by memory and through the association of ideas: under hypnosis it can be vividly re-experienced. Dr. Shepherd goes one step further along this line of our actual knowledge, and postulates "that all the experience of a self is its own eternal possession, inherent in itself".

Now let us consider what happens at death. The self is released from its present inevitable preoccupation with the external world. All the experience of life will then be completely available for re-experience in changed and new conditions. But what kind of new conditions are to be expected after death? This is where Dr. Shepherd makes his most original suggestion. It is that the effect of death and of the consequent removal of the self from its material environment will be to abrogate the law of causality which compels us to undergo experience always in a definite and necessary order. The new life will differ from the old life in that the self now has complete control of all its accumulated experience and can re-live and changed any part of it at pleasure. Eternity differs from time just in this abrogation of the law of causality. The "Eternal Now", of which theologians and mystics have often spoken, is not to be thought of as motionless, but rather as moving and alive, only with a motion which is perfectly free and can return into itself.

Dr. Shepherd further conceives the eternal world as a world of selves each with its own content of experience: these selves, then, can act and react upon one another, as indeed in measure they do here under the more limited conditions of the present life. Finally, at the head of the whole

Universe of selves is the Supreme Self, Who is God. Other selves, as created, have a finite and developing experience, which starts from the material world, created by God as a means of communication of His thoughts to us. But His experience is infinite and complete: nothing is excluded from it. Life, which begins here and continues hereafter, is a growing up into God, a movement towards the fullness of the Divine experience.

The similarity between Dr. Shepherd's doctrine and that of Lotze's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion* will be evident to all who know the latter book. But what in Lotze is briefly and succinctly stated is developed by Dr. Shepherd in fullness, and with continual reference to various recent writers who have dealt with or touched on his subject. In particular the notion of the abrogation of causality in eternity, implied in Lotze's conception of God, is developed and applied to the finite self; this, as has been already observed, is what constitutes the originality of Dr. Shepherd's doctrine and is what gives a special value to his book. So far as it is possible for any one in Time to forecast the nature of Eternity, he seems to be on the right lines.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.

A convenient point from which to begin the study of Mr. Russell's new book is a recollection of Aristotle's way of equating things with the thoughts we have about them and both with the words in which we express our thoughts. A parallelism of Metaphysics, Logic and Grammar is thus implied, which is of fundamental value for our knowledge of the universe. Mr. Russell shares Aristotle's general point of view, but, having regard to all the discussion that has taken place since Aristotle, he seeks for a closer analysis of the structure of language and of its correspondence with thought.

A beginning is made from the relation of things and words. What is involved, when we point and say "Dog"? Mr. Russell replies that we associate a class of utterances all of the same kind with a class of appearances also all of the same kind. We identify all the dog-utterances with one another, all the dog-shapes with one another, and the one series with the other series. In a word, common language involves universals: language is incurably Platonic.

We go on from words to the sentences we make of them: to these sentences correspond the propositions which are the matter of our thought. All empirical knowledge depends upon certain basic propositions, which have two essential properties:

- (1) A basic proposition must be caused by some sensible occurrence;
- (2) It must be of such a form that no other basic proposition can contradict it.

In a word, Mr. Russell here combines the correspondence and coherence theories of truth. But in his further argument he clearly takes the correspondence idea to be primary: the coherence idea comes in as a check upon its use.

He is not, however, a pure empiricist. He says that pure empiricism is impossible as a theory of knowledge. The possibility of knowledge always depends on a general proposition as to the relation of knowledge to experience, which proposition cannot itself be empirically justified. In consequence, Mr. Russell condemns the modern positivists for their metaphysical agnosticism. To refute this agnosticism was indeed the purpose of the whole discussion, which ends as follows:

The result I have in mind is that complete metaphysical agnosticism is not compatible with the maintenance of linguistic prepositions. Some modern philosophers hold that we know much about language, but nothing about anything else. This view forgets that language is an empirical phenomenon like another, and that a man who is metaphysically agnostic must deny that he knows when he uses a word. For my part, I believe that, partly by means of the study of syntax, we can arrive at considerable knowledge concerning the structure of the world.

It is interesting to see how far in all this Mr. Russell is returning to the ideas of the classical philosophy of Greece. The way in which, after many excursions and alarms, philosophers still come back to it is very remarkable. One is reminded of the oft-quoted saying: *naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. The Greek philosophy must have a good deal of nature in it, since it seems impossible for philosophers to get away from it.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

The Problems of Logic. By ANDREW PAUL USHENKO. Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A considerable part of this not very long but valuable book treats of current problems in Symbolic Logic. This part is really only of interest to professional logicians, since modern Symbolic Logic is almost more complicated than the mathematics whose method and precision it emulates. But while Prof. Ushenko thus brings under review the work of logicians such as Carnap, Russell, and Wittgenstein, his main purpose is to deny the principle from which much mathematical logic has proceeded, *viz.*, that logic is entirely a matter of drawing correct inferences from propositions themselves assumed by arbitrary convention. Prof. Ushenko admits that it is perfectly legitimate to assume conventions and see what can be deduced from them. In the case of the non-Euclidian geometries this has been a great success. New forms of geometry have been developed from the denial of Euclid's definition of parallelism and the substitution of a different convention of parallelism in its stead. These new geometries have proved themselves practically valuable and useful. There is no reason why a similar procedure should not be adopted in logic, or why it should not similarly be successful. But Prof. Ushenko is concerned to point out that there is a limit to its possibilities. Whatever conventions are adopted, there must be rules of deduction and inference. How are these found out and how are they grounded? Prof. Ushenko maintains that Aristotle was right in appealing here to intuition. The rules themselves cannot be matter of convention, or we should get nowhere.

The conventionalists, indeed, admit the existence of this science of inference, but they propose to put it outside of logic proper and to call it *metalogic*. On the contrary, says our author, it is this science which properly is logic or is at least the most important part of logic, since on it everything else depends and without it no step can be taken or deduction made.

The trend of the conventionalists is to separate logic from philosophy, and to make it into a special science. But this is all wrong. Logic has real affinity with philosophy, just because each in its own way is universally comprehensive.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

Thomas Reid's Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man. Edited and abridged by A. D. WOOLLEY, M.A. Macmillan. 21s.

Students of philosophy will be grateful for this abridged edition of the *Essays* of Thomas Reid, founder of the Scottish Common-Sense school of

philosophers, which also included Dugald Stewart and Sir William Hamilton. They will be especially grateful for the author's careful and critical Introduction to the volume. It is particularly valuable.

Reid's philosophy has been overshadowed by that of his greater contemporary, David Hume, to whom he acknowledges his own indebtedness, and also by that of Kant, whose "answer" to Hume is so much more adequate than Reid's. Yet, as the author of this volume points out, we are indebted to Reid for his clear statement of the main philosophic issues involved in Hume's epoch-making work. Apparently it was the publication of Hume's *Treatise* in 1739 that first raised doubts in Reid's mind as to the validity of Berkeley's system and the conclusions Hume drew from it. As Reid sees it, "Hume's arguments were virtually unassailable, and therefore, if his conclusions were absurd, it could only be because his premisses were false". Reid assumes that these premisses were taken over by Hume from his predecessors, and it appears that he overlooked those positive aspects of Hume's philosophy to which Dr. Kemp Smith has recently drawn attention. Reid is himself concerned to indicate what is termed the "Common-Sense view", which, broadly speaking, maintains that we have immediate experience of reality as such, and which denies that the mind knows only its own ideas.

Reid therefore gave his attention very largely to a criticism of the idea-theory of cognition, and it was in his refutation of that that he considered his main philosophical claim to rest.

He seeks to maintain that there is no positive evidence in support of the Lockean-Berkeleyan theory of perception, and he therefore denies its conclusion that the world is populated only by minds and their ideas. In this connection he does useful work in pointing out the various ambiguities of the term "idea" as used by his predecessors. Mr. Woosley points out, justly, that Reid's own theory of perception is obscure and incomplete, but none the less "it anticipates a good deal of modern discussion on the subject". From this angle the present volume will serve a useful purpose. It seeks to do justice to a splendid attempt to refute Hume, and it clarifies the main issues with which philosophy must concern itself. There is a good index.

JOHN SHORT.

The Creed of Christ. By GERALD HEARD. Cassell. 6s.

Here is a very unconventional and illuminating exposition of the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Heard contends that in this prayer we have a better interpretation of the mind of Christ than in any of those Creeds to which the Churches pin their faith. Creeds, he argues, divide, prayer unites. So in the Lord's Prayer we have the essence in epitome of all our Lord's teaching:

The more the Prayer is studied and the more it is compared with all other means for defining and uniting Christian duty, the more it seems clear that it is the one central and enduring postulate, the essential code, the real creed of Christianity.

These words are from Mr. Heard's Introduction, in which he gives us the elements of the Christology and a fine defence of the practice of prayer. He then goes on to expound the Lord's Prayer under five main headings: the Notation, the Kingdom, the Bread, the Forgiveness, and the End of Evil. Some, no doubt, may think that Mr. Heard reads too much into these simple and familiar petitions. Not, however, if we believe with him that in this Prayer "there lies the whole basis and plan of the spiritual life, the whole range of time from dawn to night". Hence the legitimacy of a broad outlook and of far-reaching discussions of such subjects as Faith in Ultimate Reality, and its manifestation in the realm of God; Man's need for Living

Bread; the Bread of the coming Day; God's forgiveness and the Problem of Evil. Mr. Heard's treatment of these great themes is very attractive; at once practical and devotional, theological and ethical. He writes out of a full experience, and his book should prove a real help to many in these distressful days.

W. B. SELBIE.

South African Native Policy and the Liberal Spirit. By R. F. ALFRED HOERNLÉ. Lovedale and Livingstone Presses. 7s. 6d.

These are the Phelps-Stokes Lectures delivered before the University of Cape Town in 1939. In his Introductory Statement Prof. Hoernlé asks his readers to "try to suspend their feelings of approval or disapproval; even more, they must resist the temptation of trying to guess at *my* approval or disapproval". It is difficult, however, to remain unbiased after reading the first lecture, "The Technique of Domination". This lecture makes plain the full implications of White domination in South Africa, and it is shown that the slogan, "South Africa a White man's country", means only incidentally that South Africa is to be a home for White civilization: it means, first and mainly, that in South Africa the White man is to be master,

[though] it would be quite wrong to assume that ordinary every-day relations between members of the dominant White group and the dominated Black group are simply inhuman; that rudeness and brutality, violence, abuse, physical ill-treatment, are so frequent as to be "normal".

The second lecture, "The Spirit of Trusteeship", discusses not only the traditional and ultimate aims of Trusteeship, but also its relations to the specific problems of, and conditions in, South Africa—political, educational, economic, social, and racial. In this lecture, as throughout, Prof. Hoernlé neither shirks difficulties nor withholds praise when it is due. An attempt has to be made to reconcile not only the Liberal Spirit with conditions in South Africa, but also the Spirit of Trusteeship with the Theory of Domination. Whereas

the dream of prosperous, *i.e.*, economically self-sufficient, Reserves is in the spirit of true trusteeship . . . it is realizable only at the price of a heavy diminution, if not a stoppage, in the flow of Native workers into the white labour-market.

And again,

we must also recognize frankly that the path of true trusteeship is beset by many obstacles and hindrances, and that in the conflict between trusteeship and dominance, dominance usually prevails.

In discussing the racial question he declares:

If there were no Europeans in South Africa at all, there can be little doubt that the Coloured and Indian groups—whatever their relations to each other—would seek to maintain between themselves and the Natives the same sort of gulf which the White group now maintains between itself and the Natives, and, indeed, between itself and all non-Europeans.

The lecture on "Liberty, Equality, and the Liberal Spirit in a Race-Ridden World" is a survey of "Liberalism in Eclipse", "The Liberal Spirit in the Modern World", and the various steps in the "Theory of Liberty". It is clear that "fundamentally, White South Africa rejects Liberalism in race relations. English South Africans and Afrikaner South Africans are at one in this". As Prof. Hoernlé says later in this lecture: "The White group in South Africa can say, with Louis XIV of France, *'l'état c'est moi'*". The

concluding lecture, "Is a Liberal Native Policy Possible?", urges upon Liberals the necessity for a short-range and a long-range policy. Limited to a short-range policy,

the weakness of the liberal position—the weakness of liberal *thought* in South Africa, and perhaps elsewhere, too—is, and has been, that it has not related its makeshift efforts to any "long-range" programme.

A long-range policy means the consideration of three possibilities: Parallelism, Assimilation, Separation.

The book will be of great value to students of South African history. It not only deals with the Native Policy of South Africa in an informative way, but considers the whole question in a new connection. The subdivisions in the lectures make specific reference easy, and keep the line of argument clearly defined. There are misprints on pp. 148 and 177.

MARGARET PEEL.

SHORTER NOTICES & DESCRIPTIVE LIST.

(Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading).

After *The Gospels in the Making* we found the Rev. Alan Richardson's *The Miracle Stories of the Gospels* (S.C.M., 6s.) a disappointment. In the first place we were mystified by the frequent changes in the size of the type, which seems to be governed by no particular principle. We agree with Mr. Richardson's contention that

the miracle stories are not to be regarded as a mere decorative appendage to an otherwise complete Gospel tradition; they form an essential part of the presentation of the Gospel itself . . . Christ is to the *N.T.* writers the manifestation of the power of God in the world, and his mighty deeds are a manifestation of that power.

But we find some of his exposition unconvincing and his attempt to show that there is no such thing as an "impartial" historian—"everyone who comes to the Gospel is already either a believer or an unbeliever"—quite unsatisfactory. We believe that two honest and competent historians, the one a "believer" and the other an "unbeliever", faced with the *N.T.* would both come to the same result. Here Mr. Richardson's argument savours of that depreciation of reason which is a feature of some of the theological thought of our day. Some readers will dissent from Mr. Richardson's opinion of Claude Montefiore, others from his estimate of the place of the Sacraments, and all from his spelling of Rendel Harris's name.

With *Matthew III* (Aberdeen: Speaker's Bible Office, 9s. 6d.) the Rev. E. Hastings brings the volumes of "The Speaker's Bible" dealing with the first Gospel to an end. There may be differences of opinion about the use by ministers of volumes of this kind; but all will agree that volumes of this kind could not be better done. The illustrations are apt and up-to-date (we notice W. H. Auden, T. H. Somervell, and W. M. Horton), and the special articles (take the one on "Marriage" for an example) able and sensible.

Any man invited to write a commentary on the Apocalypse will receive, as he deserves, the sympathy of all who have tried to understand that baffling book. In entrusting the commentary to the Rev. Martin Kiddle, Dr. Moffatt said that the work of a parish would prove of great aid and furnish exactly the preparation needed. Mr. Kiddle's *The Revelation of St. John* (Hodder, 10s. 6d.) should receive the attention of preachers, all of whom will be better for working through his pages. His Introduction is serviceable, even though he does seem unable to decide whether the book is really obscure or not; the date he fixes as Domitian's reign; the authorship

"may prove the one mystery of the book which will be never revealed in this world". The commentary itself is 458 pages in length, almost twice the number Dr. Dodd needed for *Romans*! This may account for the fact that the Index is most inadequate, and that some interesting speculations about the book (*e.g.*, the late Dr. Oman's) do not seem to be mentioned. Mr. Kiddle is always enthusiastically and commendably loyal to his editor, but need he be so impatient with Dr. R. H. Charles?

In **The Christian Religion* (S.C.M., 3s.) the Rev. R. R. Williams has succeeded in the difficult art of making a book of outlines readable. We warmly commend this "description of the heritage and hopes of Christian people"; indeed, its only weak feature is the title—"The Christian Heritage" would have indicated the contents of the book much better. Mr. Williams's chapters are: "The Older Christendom"; "The Heritage of Worship"; "The Heritage of Faith"; "The Heritage of Moral Obligation"; "The Heritage of Scripture"; "Handing on the Heritage". Mr. Williams sees the hope against the growing secularization of the world in the Ecumenical Movement and in the Younger Churches.

We are not sure that we do not prefer Mr. Williams's book to Canon R. D. Richardson's much more pretentious *Christian Belief and Practice* (Clarke, 7s. 6d.), which is called a text-book, and consists of lessons for the guidance of clergy and teachers in the endeavour to give thorough and systematic instruction in the Christian faith. The book has Anglicans definitely in mind: the Appendix deals with arrangements for a Confirmation Service. The only two books on "The Church and Nonconformity" in the generally useful bibliographies are Bp. Hunkin's *Episcopal Ordination and Confirmation* and Curteis's 1872 Bampton's! This having been said, it must be acknowledged that within its limits the book is a courageous and on the whole successful attempt to perform a difficult task. There are nine lessons on the Christian Faith and thirteen on the Christian Church and the Christian Life.

The Rev. Leslie J. Tizard's **Facing Life with Confidence* (Indep. Press, 3s. 6d.) deserves a wide circulation, and we hope ministers will both read it themselves and commend it to their people. Whether he writes of facing ourselves, trouble, temptation, sin, doubt, old age, or death and bereavement, Mr. Tizard always writes with sanity and insight. The skill and understanding with which one who is still young has written of old age mark Mr. Tizard as one who has the pastoral instinct as well as the preaching gift.

In *The Christian Idea of Liberty* (S.C.M., 1s. 6d.) Canon Leonard Hodgson reprints essays on "The Christian Idea of Liberty", "The Creed in Time of War", and "The Why and How of Prayer".

How many ministers of religion in Britain today have read Feuerbach's *Das Wesen des Christenthums*, published just a century ago? Very few, we imagine. In *Heaven Wasn't His Destination* (Allen & Unwin, 8s. 6d.)—a rather stupid title—Mr. W. B. Chamberlain has written a readable account of Feuerbach's philosophy. Feuerbach (1804-1872) was a link between Hegel and Marx; though he called himself a communist, he was scarcely a Marxian communist. His central idea was that religion arises out of man's necessary and unconscious deification of himself; the final doctrine of religion, which reveals its human character, is that of personal immortality, which Feuerbach of course rejects. This book is well worth study. There is a misprint on p. 131.

Did readers only know the Rev. Alec R. Vidler from *Secular Despair and Christian Faith* (S.C.M., 2s.), they would conclude he was a missionary to a modern University who knew nothing of modern Universities, a bachelor

who had the impertinence to address young men on "Marriage or Concubinage?", and a believer in dogmatic religion who yet was at the mercy of the last book he read—nearly all the works he mentions are booklets published yesterday. There is more to these talks to students at Liverpool than that, but undergraduates must have changed a great deal if Mr. Vidler's approach appealed to them.

The Master of the Temple's **The Truth about Spiritualism* (S.C.M., 2s.) is an excellent little summary, marked by the tolerance and freshness which distinguish all that Dr. Anson writes. While emphasizing that spiritualism is no substitute for Christianity, he has come to believe that:

(1) certain facts can only be explained on the theory that certain individuals who have lived upon this earth are now alive, and are able to communicate with their friends, and that if we reject this evidence we ought also logically to reject the evidence upon which the great facts of our Christian faith are founded;

and

(2) there is a survival of that which existed previous to the soul's entry into flesh. It is not a survival of all those relationships due to the temporary limitations in which we now find ourselves entangled.

The Bishop of Blackburn introduces *Pastoral Preparation for Marriage* (S.P.C.K., 1s.), which is prepared by parish priests of "The Blackburn Moral Problems Group". It is good to find recognition of the fact that preparation for marriage is a pastoral responsibility, but we cannot think that the four specimen interviews printed here really tackle the problem, even admitting that it is impossible to transfer the atmosphere of an interview to the printed page. Some obvious things are omitted, and the crucial points scarcely faced; those who desired counsel would want much more than this—or much less. The repeated use of the word "priest" and the insistence that the priest is "God's deputy" suggest the reason why the Group fails. Young people need a friend who will talk to them freely and frankly, and not one who, though making awful claims for himself, yet trembles when approaching awkward corners.

All that Principal H. McLachlan writes is worth reading, and *The Religious Opinions of Milton, Locke and Newton* (Manchester University Press, 7s. 6d.) is no exception. Nevertheless this volume aroused disquiet and some amusement, especially when it described the feeling of never having said the last word as "a thoroughly characteristic Unitarian frame of mind", as if none but Unitarians shared this feeling, and dogmatic Unitarians had never existed. Dr. McLachlan is concerned to prove that Milton, Locke, and Newton were Unitarians: denominational keenness and what is almost an inferiority complex mingle in his pages somewhat strangely. T. M. Lindsay becomes Lindsey, perhaps by a subconscious endeavour to make him a Unitarian too; in this volume Dr. McLachlan's spelling of names and use of initials are far from impeccable. If we pull the Principal's leg, and tell him to try to capture Cromwell and Wesley, it will not be because we have not enjoyed his pages, which all students of Nonconformity ought to read.

**Under Fire* (S.C.M., 5s.) is the best book the Rev. A. M. Chirgwin has given us. In it the General Secretary of the London Missionary Society surveys the Christian Church in a hostile world. In Japan, China, India, Africa, the Negro World, and Europe, the attack comes from different points, but the assault is general, and Mr. Chirgwin describes it in graphic chapters. The last chapter—on "The World Church"—rather gives the impression that Conferences are expected to solve the problem. A much

more drastic call-up of the Church's reserves will be needed, and a revolutionary disposition of her forces, before it becomes evident that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her".

It is given to few to write a postscript after an interval of twenty-five years. In 1915 Dr. H. F. Stewart wrote *The Holiness of Pascal*. Now, while retaining his belief in Pascal's sanctity, Dr. Stewart discusses other aspects of his genius. *The Secret of Pascal* (Cambridge Press, 5s.) deals with his skill in debate, his moral teaching, and his mastery of language, though, as Dr. Stewart remarks, "divinity and religion will keep breaking in". A scholarly little book, which will gratify all lovers of Pascal.

Time and again in reading the 23 essays in Miss E. M. Rowell's *Time and Time Again* (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.) we were reminded of Vernon Bartlet: phrases like "as it were", "in and by", "a definite dichotomy in aesthetic sensibility" brought back a long familiar voice. "Dichotomy" is a favourite word of Miss Rowell's, just as Paul Valéry, T. S. Eliot, and (we are glad to see) Browning are favourite authors. All this, and the fact that few of the essays reach their end without a French or German quotation or technical illustrations from art, mathematics, or science, may suggest that the essays are "caviare to the general". That would be true; they certainly cannot be read a page at a time; but, like Bartlet's writings, they are immensely worthwhile and rewarding. For a teacher of mathematics Miss Rowell has an unusually wide range, as the titles of some of the papers may suggest: "Some Intimations of the Soul's Destiny"; "Self and the Other"; "Artist and Contemplative"; "Faith"; "Actuality and Ubiquity"; "The Mode of Ingression of Words in Poetry". There is many a pregnant sentence and many a good phrase: quotation, once started, would be hard to stop, but here are samples:

Time and traffic do their work.

The thing which originally opened a new vista to consciousness becomes a shut door barring further experience.

Things hardened by use and underlined by habit become a limit to rather than a vehicle of experience.

Decidedly a book to read again, if only to keep one humble!

We have said more than once that we invariably recommend any young Protestant dazzled by the imposing structure of the Roman Church to read Purcell's *Manning*. It is an almost infallible cure, but should it fail, Archbishop Ullathorne's *From Cabin Boy to Archbishop* (Burns, 15s.) might well be administered next. Some years ago the *Life* of the sturdy Yorkshireman who was so long a member of the Roman hierarchy in England was reviewed in these pages: now we have the Archbishop's account of his early life reprinted from the original draft and introduced by Mr. Shane Leslie. Ullathorne lived until 1889; this chapter of autobiography takes us as far as the "No Popery" outcry of 1851, by which time he is already a Bishop, with unique experience of the Australian Mission behind him. But whether in Australia, in England, or in Rome, what a picture of strife, jealousy, and intrigue! Through it all Ullathorne showed himself a man of more courage than tact; he never failed to stand firmly for what he believed to be right, and was often unpopular.

In *Witchcraft* (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Charles Williams has given us another good book, though it will contain little that is new to those who know their Lea and their Summers. It is, however, a succinct account of one of the unhappiest manifestations of superstition and credulity which have disfigured mankind. Here we have Apuleius and Joan of Arc, the

Lancashire Witches and Madame de Montespan, Faust and the Salem group, all linked in a readable narrative. When Mr. Williams casts his net so wide, it is strange that he omits all mention of the Gnostics.

To Dr. G. B. Harrison we are indebted for another pleasant volume, this time *A Jacobean Journal* (Routledge, 16s. 6d.), a record of "those things most talked of during the years 1603-1606". In these years we have the Hampton Court Conference and the Gunpowder Plot, and there are entries about the Puritans and the Brownists. It is interesting to find a suggested "Entertainment Tax" in 1604, and some readers of these pages will be pleased to note that *A Counterblast to Tobacco* in that year describes the custom of taking tobacco as

loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless;

tobacco is so excessively used by

disordered persons of base condition that they consume their wages, impair their health, and weaken their bodies, and are driven thereby to unthrifty shifts to maintain their gluttonous exercise.

It has been good in recent months to see Oliver Cromwell coming into his own again; as man of faith, as soldier, and as statesman there are few Englishmen to equal him, and not one who combines the three in his own person as did "our chief of men". Miss L. C. Bennett's selection from the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (Nelson, 7s. 6d.) is therefore timely, though those who love their Carlyle will prefer the sage, capital letters and all. Miss Bennett gives a useful Introduction and a short Biography, and Mr. Isaac Foot contributes a Foreword. The selection is made with taste and edited with judgment, and we hope many people, young and old, will buy and read it.

Freemasonry has been fortunate in its historians, and to the many services they have rendered to the movement Prof. Douglas Knoop and Dr. G. P. Jones have now added *A Short History of Freemasonry to 1730* (Manchester Univ. Press, 5s.). Many readers of these pages will be interested in Freemasonry's problem of textual criticism; how many of them, we wonder, even if they belong to the craft, know where the word "Free" in "Freemason" comes from? The learned authorities suggest that it is due to the fact that the original Masons worked in free-stone.

Mr. G. G. Armstrong's *Why Another World War?* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.) tells "How We Missed Collective Security", the presence or lack of which makes the difference between Heaven and Hell. Mr. Armstrong is the son of a distinguished Unitarian minister, and a leader of the Unitarian Churches in England. In these pages, in which there are many slips, *contra mundem* being the worst, he recounts the tragic story of the post-war years. He indicts "Cato's" four principal "guilty men"—Baldwin, Chamberlain, Hoare, and Simon—because they destroyed the system of collective security, and "did not take adequate precautions to deal adequately with the inevitable sequel when it came". National sovereignty is the arch-enemy of peace, and some form of federal union apparently the way forward. True but trite.

Mr. M. W. Fodor, the American author of *The Revolution Is On* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), has been the correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* in S.E. Europe for over 20 years. His text, which is expounded with all a journalist's skill, is "The revolution marches to attain world power for Germany". He examines the events of the last 25 years in Germany, Italy,

and Russia, and defends his use of the term "revolution" as a description of the movement in Europe during the period. At times we feel he is too confident on matters outside his range, but about the activities and schemes of the German leaders he will open the eyes of many in Britain who have refused to see what they did not want to see. Some "appeasers" in Britain still try to defend themselves: this means that the term they will have to wear the white sheet will be considerably extended. We commend Mr. Fodor's book as a graphic, if sometimes unauthenticated, account of a critical period in the world's history. See also *Worth Noting*.

Despite much cleverness, considerable sarcasm, and some repetition, it is not altogether clear what Mr. George Glasgow's *Diplomacy and God* (Longmans, 7s. 6d.) is aiming at. Mr. Glasgow, who is unduly lenient to the Papacy and unduly severe on Britain, has much wise comment on the past, present, and future of international relationships. That "God's assisting grace" should be brought to bear on diplomacy is indeed necessary, and it is easy to satirize the blunders, and worse, of statesmen in all lands. Christians would do well to read Mr. Glasgow's pages; they can scarcely do so without profit. Much discussion will no doubt be aroused by the account of a proposal made to representatives of many nations three months after the beginning of the war. It suggested an immediate armistice, with a view to the total, universal, and permanent disarmament of the world. To this the seven great Powers of the world should agree, and each send a representative to a permanent military commission, which (the representative of the country concerned being excluded) should carry out the disarmament. This would destroy "Hitlerism", secure adequate guarantees, and ensure a just and lasting peace settlement. One "eminent diplomatist" commented, "It is the only hope; but it is hopeless". Mr. Glasgow rightly urges that we are fighting Hitler with Hitler's chosen weapon, force, and that it is not until we employ others that he will be defeated.

Mr. Donald Cowie's *The British Contribution* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.) is a bit slap-dash, but perhaps it is well to be reminded in these days of some of the things our people have done. Steam-engines and playing the game, representative government and rugger, means of defence and remedies against disease, Shakespeare and a sense of humour—these are some of the contributions Mr. Cowie mentions.

It will be interesting in some year in the fifties to turn back to Mrs. Naomi Royde Smith's *Outside Information* (Macmillan, 5s.), a diary kept in London and Winchester in September and October last, enriched by letters from several scattered correspondents. These were the days when people bothered about "Alerts" in the country while London was in the fiery trial. The diary has a "midnight oil" atmosphere about it, while the letters are more natural: the figure of London is memorable, however—"not in ruins, but holding ruination in its arms".

Some of these hasty gossiping books about life in war-time are going to make headaches for historians. In *Formidable to Tyrants* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Phyllis Bottome tells of leaving New York on June 9th, 1940, to cross the Atlantic and hearing on the trip of the surrender of Leopold of Belgium. As it happens, we crossed the Atlantic between May 21st and May 30th and heard of the surrender then! Eleven exclamation marks in 8 pages of Introduction had warned us that we were in for an emotional volume, and slap-dash sentences, wrongly spelt names, commas for apostrophes, and unaccompanied quotation marks are not lacking. But if excitement can be forgiven, the facts should be beyond criticism, and we really do wonder if thirty bombers were "shepherded out to sea and there destroyed" as com-

pletely and easily as that! From all this it will be gathered that we do not consider this volume one of Mrs. Bottome's best efforts. It is too uncritical and laudatory to be convincing. The pages about evacuees are better than the rest, and here, too, are some revealing letters from relatives and friends.

Dr. H. W. Van Loon, with the experience of his native Holland in mind, has been endeavouring to rouse the American people to their peril. The sub-title of *Invasion* (Harrap, 5s.) well describes the contents of documents discovered in a New England attic in 1960—

the personal recollections of what happened to our own family and to some of our friends during the first 48 hours of that terrible incident in our history which is now known as the great invasion and how we escaped with our lives and the strange adventures which befell us before the Nazis were driven from our territories.

A misprint on p. 13 needs attention.

Dr. Van Loon contributes one of the best talks in *Let's Face the Facts* (Lane, 5s.), which contains most of the addresses broadcast from Canada under that title in the second half of last year. Other striking contributions are Miss Dorothy Thompson's, Mr. Frederick Birchall's, Mr. Gregory Clark's, and Mr. Alexander Woolcott's.

The fact that Sir Richard Acland does not know the difference between "shall" and "will" (see pp. 104 and 107, and many more) must not hide the fact that in *The Forward March* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.) he makes a real contribution to the solution of the present world chaos. This solution is "Common Ownership", in which Sir Richard finds not merely constructive proposals for a democratic "new order", but sound propaganda against the Nazi claim to be fighting the "pluto-democracies". We are in complete sympathy with Sir Richard's contentions, though in some details he is not convincing. The sooner everybody—even the medieval Mr. A. P. Herbert—realizes that after the war the masses of people in this country will not be content with the present economic system, the better it will be all round.

One needs a fairly good acquaintance with the American language to follow Dr. A. E. Hertzler's lively book, *The Doctor and His Patients* (Lane, 12s. 6d.). The man to solve all the problems of the world is the "old Doc", and if only lawyers and clerics, especially clerics, would leave things to the medical profession, they would soon arrange internal chemistry so that most of the problems in the relations between men and women would be solved. About those relations Dr. Hertzler has much that is sound to say, and there are many "wisecracks" that will be quoted, but he has also much to learn, and his constant ridicule of religion is unscientific, to say the least of it. Nevertheless, the book is readable, and if its idiom be mastered and the irritation resulting from the self-assurance of the writer curbed, the reader should profit.

In **Fears May Be Liars* (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d.) Dr. J. A. Ryle, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, has written a little book which should be read by all ministers and could be read with advantage by all thoughtful people. Prof. Ryle calls himself a rationalist and an agnostic, but he prefers "magnificent design" to "stupendous accident" as a theory of the universe and quotes Bacon's "God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because His ordinary works convince it". On Death, Fear, Pain, Immortality he has much that is wise to say, and we are specially pleased to see his contention that in teaching students all the medical 'ologies "medical education is forgetting how to make them students of man". (See *Worth Noting*.)

We wonder how students were influenced by the lectures printed in Dr. Pryns Hopkins's *Aids to Successful Study* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.). Some of his italicized injunctions are amusing to those of older growth, and we shudder to think of a crowd of Dr. Hopkins's earnest young people rushing from the classroom "to search for sympathetic listeners to whom we may recount the facts we have acquired during the day". Spelling does not seem to be an aid to successful study in which Dr. Hopkins, who is a disciple of Professor C. E. Spearman, believes.

Is it because we live in such stirring days ourselves that we found John Buchan's *The Last Secrets* (Nelson, 3s.), which tells of "The Last Mysteries of Exploration", positively dull? Even Lhasa and Mecca, Everest and the Poles, somehow fade by the side of the blazing flame of the heroism of folk in the next street yesterday night.

Books on the English Lakes are many, but lovers of Lakeland always open a new one with expectation. If it comes from Batsford they know they will not be disappointed, and the photographs in Mrs. Doreen Wallace's *English Lakeland* (8s. 6d.) are indeed pleasing. Mrs. Wallace's name is generally associated with a different part of the country, but she lived in the Lake District in childhood. There is nothing very thrilling about the letterpress, but it is readable enough.

The Nelson "Discussion Books" (2s. 6d.) have maintained a high level over a wide range of subjects. All interested in music will appreciate Mr. A. E. F. Dickinson's *Beethoven*, and we can imagine many a local Walford Davies sitting at the piano and guiding a group with the aid of these pages.

Sir Hugh Walpole was one of the spoilt children of fortune, but it was not until we read his Introduction to Mr. Mark Van Doren's *Shakespeare* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.) that we realized he was in the happy position of being able to read an Act of one of Shakespeare's plays every morning. Sir Hugh commends Mr. Van Doren's criticism as honest, intelligent, and modest. It is all these, but it is remarkably fresh, too; the critic seizes on some aspect of each play and round it writes illuminating comment. Mr. Van Doren is a poet, but he writes excellent prose, often epigrammatic and sometimes scintillating, and only now and then a shade too clever. There was once an American who, having made money, retired to Boston and began his education; he was introduced to Shakespeare, and when asked his opinion of the plays replied, "Mighty fine! I don't think there are twenty men in Boston who could have written those plays"! This American poet leaves us marvelling yet again at the miracle that was Shakespeare—and the best praise that we can give his book is to say that we are prepared to read it a second time right away.

Mr. Denis Mackail's *The Story of J.M.B.* (Davies, 11s. 6d.) proved both very irritating and very fascinating. The style of the first hundred pages we found hard indeed to endure—and surely even "this strange, confusing, and bewildering J.M.B." could have been painted in less than 720 pages. But Mr. Mackail has loved his job; only if he had loved it a little more he would have left much out, including himself; the shadow of the artist often falls across the canvas.

When this has been said tribute must be paid to the fascination of the story, though whether anyone will understand Barrie any better after reading it may be doubted, skilfully though much of the story is told (the account of the failure of *The Boy David* is dragged out interminably).

Tragedy pursued Barrie as well as success; family losses, the breakdown of his marriage, the early deaths of some of the children he loved—these lie

behind the sadness in the eyes of one who has given pleasure to millions. The story is of the boy who made good and yet of the boy who could not grow up—and one can never escape the feeling that Mr. Mackail slightly patronizes his hero. There are misprints on pp. 71, 395, 565, and 570—and what are “parasites”?

In *Wild Thyme* (Murray, 7s. 6d.) Lord Gorell gives us eighteen short stories. They are of varying length and merit, and, strangely enough, the most successful are not the eerie and the whimsical ones, but “The Curtain Falls”, a murderer’s soliloquy, and “Old Jacob”, a delightful account of the way an old Jew of 99 got the better of two younger members of his race.

The moderns may scoff at Mrs. G. L. Hill, but she certainly knows how to tell a story. *Patricia* (Lippincott, 8s. 6d.) is her sixtieth, and if religion does, as usual, appear to be dragged in, it is refreshing to find a writer who considers that believing and practising Christians have lives sufficiently interesting for fiction.

EDITOR.

Mr. Arthur Mee’s *1940* (Hodder, 5s.), a series of reflections on the events of last year, written as the events occurred, has much in it that will come helpfully to many who have been cast down and fearful. Mr. Mee writes always with hopefulness and confidence, and with an unvarying faith. The weakness of the book is that it treats events without seeing what followed them; that is to say they are not always seen in their true bearing and in relation to their consequences. Some of the interpretations are strained; some of the reflections would have been put differently if he had waited before writing. And in places the political view of the war needs a great deal more balanced judgment. But the book has its place, and it will be welcomed.

Miss Joyce Reason’s *Tales from Livingstone* (Livingstone Press, 2s. 6d.) tells again for our boys and girls the story of this greatest of missionaries. The tales from Livingstone’s life are well told. The book is illustrated with plain and coloured pictures. It will be a delightful gift book for our Sunday schools.

The *Dramatised Bible Reader* (Grant Educational Co., 1s. 6d.—a wonderfully cheap book), edited by Miss Elizabeth Gray, and intended for use in schools, is in every way an admirable venture. The present volume is Book II, Part 2 of the Old Testament, and covers the Early Monarchy. It contains the story of Saul, of Jonathan and David, and of Solomon’s building of the Temple. The book is well printed and illustrated.

A. T. S. JAMES.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The London Quarterly and Holborn Review (April). A varied number, with fewer pages devoted to reviews than usual. The variety may be suggested by these articles: Dr. Waterhouse on Bergson, Dr. Ryder Smith on “Monogamy”, Dr. Harrison on “Forward Movement”, Dr. T. B. Shepherd on “Crabbe and Methodism”, the Rev. T. W. Scholes on Thoresby, the diarist, and Mr. E. E. Kellett on Rendel Harris.

The Hibbert Journal (April). The Rev. A. N. Rowland is given pride of place with “The Dawn of an Era”, and Princ. W. Robinson follows with “The Christian and the State”. Dr. W. H. Drummond has an appreciation of Dr. Dawes Hicks. Canon England writes on “The Christ and the Holy Spirit” and Prof. A. E. Morris on “The Narratives of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ”. The Rev. William Ross claims that the Jericho excavations establish the earlier date of the Exodus, and Dr. A. H. Birch has a lively article on “Freedom as reflected in the English Language”.

The Baptist Quarterly (April). The Rev. B. G. Collins writes on “The Solidarity of Humanity” and the Rev. Henry Cook on “The Religion of Abraham Lincoln”. The historical articles deal with North Carolina; a voyage to Canada in 1841; St. Mary’s, Norwich; Regent’s Park College; and the West London Baptist Fraternal.

The Layman (April). The Rev. E. A. Payne writes on "The Prayer Call of 1784". Congregationalists should note the Rev. J. B. Middlebrook's comments on "The Polity Commission".

The Modern Churchman (March-May). These issues contain a good deal about religious education. An important contribution is Dr. A. C. Bouquet's "Organized Catholicism and Religious Freedom".

The Expository Times (April-June). Dr. Gossip on "The Moral Use of Force" and the Bishop of Liverpool on "Nationalism" should be read. Among other contributions are the Rev. Jas. Mackay's "The Religion of Robert Bridges" and Dr. Loft-house's "The Holy Spirit in *Acts* and the Fourth Gospel".

The Friends' Quarterly Examiner (Fourth Month). The Editor and Mr. W. E. Wilson write on Rendel Harris and P.S.C. on Geraldine S. Cadbury.

Religion in Education (April). This issue maintains the alertness and usefulness of a journal which many teachers are finding helpful.

The Common Room (April). This issue is largely occupied with tributes to the late Horace Fleming.

The International Review of Missions (April). An excellent number, with some very useful reviews. The Rev. G. F. Allen's study of some missionary anachronisms should be studied by administrators. Dr. F. F. Goodsell's "Fourth Dimension in Christian Missions" is timely, there are articles on African Family Life, a White Australia, Latin America, and the Jewish Problem.

World Dominion (May-June). This issue has an unusual feature in A Symposium on Christian Belief in which Dr. A. B. Macaulay, Canon Major, Dr. Micklem, and Mr. Hugh Redwood offer suggestions for a statement of Christian belief in place of the Apostles' Creed. Readers will find a comparison of the four interesting.

The Harvard Theological Review (Jan. and April). Prof. H. J. Cadbury's "Christopher Meidel and the First Norwegian Contacts with Quakerism" is of interest, and also the two letters printed by Dean Sperry, from Harvard Students to Manchester College, York, and from Genevan students to Harvard, in 1834-5. Other articles are "The Epitaph of Julius Terentius", "Thallus: The Samaritan?", "The Origin of the Concept of the Seven Cardinal Sins", and "Some Aspects of Pueblo Indian Religion".

Religion in Life (Spring). The articles range over a wide field, from (both from the same seminary) Prof. A. C. McGiffert's "What is Church?" to Prof. J. W. Buckingham's "What is Dialectic?". Prof. Krusé has an appreciation of Bergson, Dr. Peritz flays form criticism, Dr. Schroeder examines the quarter's novels.

Anglican Theological Review (April). Dr. Cavert's subject is "The New Appreciation of Christianity as History", Dr. E. W. Count's "Church and Science", Prof. Tillich's "Our Disintegrating World".

Theological Studies (April). Episcopal absolution, Mariology, St. Thomas and the ultimate purpose of creation, infused contemplation, and the location of Constantine's gold cross, are among the topics in this issue.

The Review and Expositor (April). Dr. F. W. Eberhardt writes on "Sacred Music for Baptist Churches" and Prof. Dobbins on "Pastoral Problems". Most of the other articles are historical.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THEOLOGICAL LIBERALISM ANSWERS THE CHALLENGE.

I. By Dr. C. J. CADOUX, Vice-Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford.

AT a time when the fate of civilization hangs in the balance, and when Christianity is so widely repudiated, it would ill become any disciple of Christ to manifest in controversy a spirit calculated to widen the gulf separating him and his associates from those who interpret the Christian Faith on different lines. It is, therefore, in no quarrelsome spirit that I attempt to reply to the challenge thrown out by the Rev. J. E. Gregory in the April number of this *Quarterly*.

If the first thing demanded of a controversialist is that he should be good-tempered, the second surely is that he should be clear. In order, therefore, that my reply may be intelligible, I want to begin by setting aside such of Mr. Gregory's points as are not really relevant, or at least do not

lend themselves to discussion. His opening paragraph seems to me to be of this nature. Not only is it sheer nonsense (as I trust he would agree) to talk about theological liberalism being dead for all time, but I cannot even see why this is a day of visitation for liberalism any more than it is so for any other section of the Christian community. Even if it be the case that many Christians are deserting liberalism for some more conservative position, it is also true that many are deserting Christianity itself for some more humanistic position. Just as it is no discredit to Christianity that people desert it for paganism, so it is no discredit to liberalism that people desert it for "orthodoxy". A day of visitation, certainly; but equally so for *all* serious Christians.

Again, whether or no liberalism is to be regarded "for ever as the embodiment of obscurantism, the more despicable", *etc., etc.*, and whether or no its replies to its recent critics "do scant credit" to the intellectual qualities of its spokesmen, are pure matters of opinion: of which the only thing that can be said is, "*De gustibus non disputandum*".

My own feeling is that the recent dead-set at liberalism owes a great deal of its zest, though not of course all, to the natural inclination of men in a state of depression and bewilderment to round on some party or other as the villains of the piece, and to seek comfort in well belabouring the chosen scapegoat. We have an uneasy feeling of sinking into chaos: what then more natural or more consoling than to vilify the mental state we were in before we began to sink? Moreover, the comparative ease of the task in this case is itself a subconscious incentive to throw oneself heartily into it. A certain belief in the goodness, dignity, and capacity of human nature was always taken to be an outstanding feature of liberalism: so now, being disgusted with human nature as we see it in Nazism and Fascism, and distrustful of it as we see it in ourselves, we find it to be quite an exhilarating task to say about it all the nasty things we can. And the fact that we cannot be answered except by some bestowal of praise on human nature—that is, by something which can readily be made to look like self-righteousness—gives to the work of vilification a distinct strategic advantage. But such conditions do not guarantee its truth or justice.

But let me now come to grips with the argument proper. Within our universe of discourse, "theological liberalism" is a species of the genus "Christian theology", just as "Christian theology" is itself a species within the genus "Theism". That is to say, the theological liberalism of which we speak is, in intention at least, Christian: and I have no interest in defending any liberalism of which that cannot be said. Is it not made a reproach to this school of thought that it lays too much stress on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and on obedience to the ethical teaching of Jesus? Whence comes it then that Mr. Gregory contemplates the possibility that the liberal will "question the validity of the whole doctrine of God, the world, and man implied in" the early Christian affirmations about Jesus, and "succeed in invalidating" it? If this means that Mr. Gregory thinks that his liberal theologian may possibly reject the Fatherhood of God and the revelation which Jesus gave of His character, then I submit that the point is not relevant to our discussion, for such a liberal would not claim to represent the Christian Faith. If, on the other hand, Mr. Gregory means only that the liberal claims the right to use his own ways of expressing such a belief in God, then we can at least get on with the argument.

I hold it impossible for justice to be done to theological liberalism unless a certain important distinction is not only recognized, but kept constantly in mind throughout. It is the distinction which my old teacher Dr. Vernon Bartlet used to describe as that between "idea" and "conception". I am

not quite sure that those are the best terms in which to describe it, but I am sure that the distinction itself is a real one.

By "idea" I here mean the deep inner realities by which the essentially Christian life is made to be what it is: man's trust in God as Father, and all that follows from that—a trust founded on, mediated by, and resulting from Jesus Christ; the loyal, grateful, humble, and obedient yielding of one's life and will to the service of God; pride in bearing the dear name of Christ; joy in communion with God. This, in essence, is what Congregational ministers mean when, if they are true to their tradition, they limit the tests they apply to candidates for Church-membership to a confession of faith in God through Jesus Christ and a sincere purpose to live as a Christian. It is that "earnest and honest discipleship of the Master", stress on which Mr. Gregory most strangely and inaccurately accuses liberals of claiming as a liberal monopoly.

I am happy to see that he agrees that "this is of the very essence of Christianity". But the fact must be recognized that this central "idea" does not lend itself to precise statement in language. We do indeed have to use words about it, to the best of our ability, in order to convey our thoughts about it to others. But we are most of us aware that, like all the deepest things in life, it cannot be put into exact and adequate terms, and that no imaginable words will yield a formula to which it is feasible to require a fellow-disciple to subscribe on the dotted line, as a condition of our giving him the right-hand of fellowship. Here we have, *inter alia*, the justification of one distinctive feature of Congregationalism—"no credal tests".

To be distinguished from this central "idea" are the "conceptions", *i.e.*, the intellectual forms or propositions in which the mind naturally and rightly strives to embody its inner experience and conviction. No doubt any words in which we attempt to express our central Christian "idea" will approximate somewhat to theological definitions: yet the broad distinction between the inner reality and its intellectual formulation holds good. By comparison with the conceptions, the idea is the more fundamental: but it does not follow that the conceptions are unimportant, or that it is a matter of indifference whether or no they are wisely framed. The only thing is that, in the nature of the case, they can never be regarded as final or absolute, for the simple reason that they are conditioned by human intellectual qualities and capacities which, despite a general underlying constancy, are subject to differing and perpetually varying limitations.

I understand, therefore, the root-principle of Christian liberalism to be the freedom of the Christian mind to select, reject, and remould the conceptions that our predecessors have bequeathed to us, not in any arbitrary, irreverent, or unsympathetic manner, but yet freely—as the Spirit of Truth, which is the Spirit of God, may lead. That is the inalienable right of the intelligent Christian: and in exercising it, he speaks by exactly the same title as did St. Augustine or the Fathers of Nicæa.

The palmary instance of the use of such freedom is Biblical criticism, which, though it involved parting with a belief unanimously held by the Church for eighteen centuries, won its way only by its sheer inherent reasonableness, and by its consequent power of appealing to man's inner light. If liberalism is to be rejected on principle, no one who wishes to abide by the results of Biblical criticism will have a leg to stand on. Nor is Biblical inspiration by any means the only widely-held Christian belief which has had to undergo drastic transformation as a result of the onward march of human thought. Even those who still profess to believe in a personal devil, in the Last Judgment, and in hell-fire, know perfectly well that they accept these

beliefs only in forms radically different from those in which earlier Christian generations held them. By what authority have these forms been changed? I answer, By the authority of the principle of liberalism.

Now it is true that traditionalists (to use Mr. Gregory's own term) do profess in part to make the distinction I have referred to, and to draw the obvious inference from it. Sometimes it is put as the distinction between "dogma" and "theology"—where "dogma", on account of its associations, seems to me a much less suitable word for what I have called "idea". Mr. Gregory himself deprecates the use of written creeds as tests of orthodoxy, and draws our attention to Emil Brunner's warning against the deification of them.

All this is very good; but in what sort of light does it set the objection to theological liberalism in principle? What always strikes me as so strange about the neo-traditionalism of today is that it never manages to fix its gaze on the principle on which it is really acting, and consequently never frees itself from the appearance of being irrational and arbitrary. Most traditionalists I know, outside the ranks of fundamentalists and Catholics, frankly accept Biblical criticism both in its principles and in its main concrete results. I might add that most of them have also abandoned belief in a personal devil, the Last Judgment, and hell-fire: but I will not labour these more dubious points; it will suffice my purpose to keep to Biblical criticism as illustrating the principle involved. In throwing over the inerrancy of Scripture they are bidding defiance to eighteen solid centuries of Christian tradition, and are taking up a position which would have been condemned out-of-hand, as presumptuous and indeed impious, by every great doctor of the Church from Clement of Rome to Charles Spurgeon—by the very champions, that is, of "the great central, classical Christian tradition", to which we are nowadays being constantly begged to adhere. With what shadow of consistency or justice, then, can traditionalists deny to liberals the right to sift the old beliefs we inherit from the past—a right liberals would exercise on precisely the same authority as traditionalists themselves have had for sifting out the old belief in Biblical inerrancy?

The real trouble with them is that, despite their honest desire to recognize the distinction between "idea" and "conception", they are reluctant to leave the all-essential "idea" to the care of the Spirit of God operating in the hearts of their liberal fellow-Christians. Trembling for the ark of God, they go about to secure it by making an arbitrary selection of certain traditional conceptions, and rallying around them as if they constituted the one real Palladium of the Christian religion. Thus it is that whoever distrusts and resists their method comes to wear in their eyes the appearance of being disloyal to the central Christian idea. The appearance is entirely illusory: but it is impossible to avoid being misled by it unless one abandons the misguided effort to exercise an inquisitorial check on the theology of one's fellow-disciple as a pre-condition of treating him *con amore* as a fellow-disciple.

When one examines Mr. Gregory's article in order to discover what he regards as the essentials, one is met with a baffling vagueness. "Certain propositions about God, the world, and man"; "primitive affirmations about Jesus"; "what they affirmed about Jesus"; "the actual interpretation that the early disciples put upon the facts"; "the sense in which they themselves understood the term" (*i.e.*, "the Christ"); the belief "that God did something in a new and decisive way . . .". Now what is one to make of claims so vaguely formulated? *What* are the propositions about God, the world, and man, which are inseparable from genuine Christianity? *What* did the early Christians affirm about Jesus? We know in part the answer to this latter question. Let us look at it. They believed that He had been

deliberately referred to in *Hosea* 11¹, *Isaiah* 7¹⁴, and numerous other Old Testament passages, that He was virgin-born, that He walked on the water, that He created food for a great multitude out of five loaves, that His physical body left the tomb and later ascended into the sky, and that He would re-appear in glory before the first generation of His disciples had died out. All this was part and parcel of "the actual interpretation that the early disciples themselves put upon the facts". Were they right? Does Mr. Gregory seriously contend that the modern Christian must accept these beliefs because the early Church accepted them? If he does, then I must sorrowfully part company with him—observing only, by way of a Parthian shot, that I none the less retain my faith in Christ as Saviour and Lord. But if not, then I do not understand what fault he has to find with liberalism.

Mr. Gregory makes his appeal to recent New-Testament criticism. Now it does not follow that, because one accepts the principles of criticism and a large number of its conclusions, every trend which criticism may at any time take is bound to be right and its findings true. For I would not have my readers ignorant of the fact that, in the general upheaval of these days, a hardening in part hath befallen certain sections of New-Testament scholarship. The net upshot of form-criticism, Barthianism, and neo-orthodoxy, has been vastly to reduce, rather than enlarge or clarify, what we can claim to know of Jesus Himself. If anyone doubts that, let him read Bultmann's *Jesus*. The newer trend, though emphasizing the theological unity pervading all sections of the New Testament, including the Gospels, and so, it is supposed, supporting traditionalism, is, as a matter of fact, far more sceptical about our historical knowledge of Jesus Himself than liberalism ever was. That seems to me to be in any case a doubtful service to the cause of Christian truth. But, what is more, it happens to be scientifically quite unsound. See here. It is seriously contended that, because no one can (strictly speaking) report a "bare fact" without adding thereto some interpretation of his own, and because the Gospels are all in their way interpretations of Jesus, it is therefore futile and unprofitable to scrutinize, compare, and sift their contents in the hope of getting behind the early Church's tradition to the real Jesus of history. The plea is preposterous. The acceptance of it would put a stop, not only to the quest for the historical Jesus, but to all secular history as well, ancient and modern. It does not follow from the fact that all our informants are also in some measure interpreters, that we can never get nearer to the reality they speak of by means of a critical scrutiny of what they say. The absurdity of such an idea in the case of the Gospel-story is clear from the most casual comparison of the Gospels of Matthew and Mark. The liberal portrait of Jesus may or may not have been historically and religiously satisfying: but we are not going to remedy the situation by closing the inquiry, and accepting the general version given by the Apostolic Age as the *ne plus ultra* of our portrait of Christ. We must in any case maintain our right to appeal from the Christianity of the fourth and fifth centuries to that of the first, from the Johannine stress on the speculative and metaphysical to the Synoptic stress on the personal and moral, from the Matthaean portrait of the Christ foretold in prophecy to the Marcan and Logian story of Jesus of Nazareth "who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him". Any picture of Jesus Christ as Lord, of which the fullest attainable historical realities do not constitute an integral part, has no claim to put itself forward as fully Christian.

In regard to Mr. Gregory's argument that the truth of liberalism is not guaranteed by the fact that many in the past found in it an incentive to social service, I would say that I should not be disposed to argue that it is.

The truth or otherwise of liberalism is primarily a matter for clear and consecrated thinking. At the same time, the fruits of liberalism in practice are not without their weight in vindicating the full compatibility of liberal views with genuine Christian discipleship. One may plead in defence of such an assertion our Saviour's own time-honoured utterance, "By their fruits shall ye know them", and His burning indignation against those who refused to refer His works of mercy to the agency of God's Holy Spirit.

It is really very considerate of Mr. Gregory to give us poor liberals one more chance to redeem our damaged reputation before he pronounces against us the sentence of extinction which, he tells us, is hanging over our heads. Whether we can avail ourselves of this golden opportunity, however, depends on the precise meaning of the terms he offers. I gather that he challenges us to say definitely whether the early Christians were right or wrong in the "interpretation of the facts about Jesus". If this means that we are to declare our acceptance of every conception employed in New-Testament times to set forth the Saviour's significance, then I fear we must return a negative answer. For otherwise, as I have already pointed out, the mind of the modern Christian would be for ever tied to belief in the Virgin-Birth, the physical miracles, the Synoptists' eschatology, the bodily resurrection, and so forth. If our rejection of these spells extinction, then extinguished we must be. But perhaps Mr. Gregory does not quite mean that. I cherish the hope that, in using these phrases about the early Christian interpretations and affirmations, he has not expressed his meaning with full precision. For in another part of his article he defines the traditionalist faith as "the faith of those early Christians who affirmed that God, having intervened at various times in the history of Israel, for the judgment and salvation of mankind, did something in a new and decisive way for that same judgment and salvation of mankind in the historical crisis constituted by the appearance, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth". I note in passing that there is no mention here of the religious and moral *quality* of the life that Jesus lived; and the omission, even in so brief a summary as this, strikes me as highly significant and sinister. Nor do I want to be tied down to the concept of "intervention" as a satisfactory description of God's dealings with the world. But if terms are not to be pressed, and if the general sense is what really matters, then I gather that what we have here is simply a conventional statement of that central Christian idea of loyalty to Jesus as the loving and reconciling manifestation of God which Paul preferred to sum up in the simpler words, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself". I hope that is what Mr. Gregory really means. But if he does, can he name a single representative liberal of modern times who has doubted it?

II. By the Rev. H. BULCOCK, M.A., B.D., President of the Union of Modern Free Churchmen.

THE fashionable though palpably quite unwarranted claim that theological liberalism is "dead for all time" is evidently not altogether shared by the Rev. J. E. Gregory. It still persists in living, indeed its recent forms are of a worse brand than the older liberalism. But liberalism may yet turn from its wickedness and live, and Mr. Gregory will solemnly give it its last chance. If it will curb its spirit of criticism and leave "dogma" alone, then it may sign its pact with the neo-traditionalism, enter the new order, and all shall be well. It will be regarded "as a humble and earnest servant of truth"—but if not, then "it will be stamped for ever as the embodiment

of obscurantism, the more despicable because of its masquerade as a disinterested seeker after truth".

What then is this "dogma"? Mr. Gregory describes it as "things most surely believed". That by itself does not help us very much. "Most surely believed"—by whom, and why? The old problems of religious authority are here. Presently Mr. Gregory comes to tell us more specifically that "dogma" is "the faith of those early Christians who affirmed that God, having intervened at various times in the history of Israel for the judgment and salvation of mankind, did something in a new and decisive way for that same judgment and salvation in the historical crisis constituted by the appearance, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth". "Dogma" lies in the affirmations of the early Christians about Jesus, "seeing in His coming an act of God".

But liberalism has never challenged the significance of Christ's life as "an act of God". It only challenges the philosophy which underlies the usual traditionalist statement of the case. It finds a difficulty in conceiving a world divided up into two compartments in one of which God dwells while the other is really foreign to Him; He must "intervene" in it from time to time, trying new and abnormal ways of saving it. To some of us this dualistic conception is less satisfactory, intellectually and religiously, than the thought that this is God's world in which He is continuously living and working, in a fundamental and unbroken Incarnation and Atonement. Evangelical liberalism—and there is such a thing—does not question the reality of God, the love of God, the grace of God, the salvation of God, the revelation of God in Jesus. What it does question is the religious and philosophical soundness of the "two-compartment" theory of the universe; it asserts that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein"; that He has never left it, that its original constitution was never faulty, and that He continually manifests Himself in it by ordered ways and unchanging law.

Again, have we any reasons for believing that the "affirmations" of the early Christians about Jesus should be held sacrosanct? The primitive affirmations included a firm and emphasized belief that He would return again in glory in the near future, defeat anti-Christ, and judge the quick and the dead. No doctrine is more deeply embedded in the New Testament literature than that doctrine of Second Adventism, no hope more confidently cherished by the first generation of Christians. Yet in its literal forms and dating it was obviously mistaken. In its method and in its overriding of the moral scheme of the universe it creates intellectual, spiritual, and ethical difficulties. Must this be regarded as "dogma" to be accepted if we must profess Christianity? The early Christians believed it as a central doctrine—did that confirm it as factual truth?

Or again, Paul and the Fourth Evangelist came to use another category—that of the Logos. It was not a new category; it appeared in the Wisdom doctrine of pre-Christian Jewish Alexandrian writings, in the teachings of Philo, and almost certainly in pre-Christian theosophies from which later Gnosticism and Hermeticism proceeded. It was a familiar way of thinking and speaking at the time. Nor when we consider its nature as the conception of a Divine Emanation can we defend its logical soundness. It confuses an *aspect* of God only to be abstracted in thought, with a *being* separated in substance and personality, as if a man's courage or wisdom or love should become a second man standing by his side. If we are to be Christians must we accept the details of this first century category in a literal way as unchallengeable "dogma" and divinely-revealed celestial "fact"? It has its significance as a tribute to the moral and spiritual supremacy of Jesus; but

are we compelled to state that supremacy only in that form and category used by New Testament Christians?

So also with the Rabbinical and Gnostic soteriological speculations in which Paul sets his tribute to the difference which Jesus had made in his own life and in the life of others. Can we only accept the truth of the saving influence of the Master in the category terms of ancient Mystery cults? Must we be denied the name of Christian because we do not affirm the grace of God in Jesus precisely as Paul and the Fourth Evangelist affirmed it? There is no question about our affirming it in the terms of our own day; we see in the Way of Life taught by Jesus the only hope of the world; we realize His power to "open out the choked up wells of human intuition" and realize that through His spirit man may find God and with God newness of life; we confidently make the claim that in His grace and truth men saw and can still see the Father, and that in the Master's life and death the seeking and saving love of God finds expression.

Mr. Gregory makes "a distinction between 'dogma'—the things most surely believed—and 'theology'—the particular (and necessarily changing) thought-forms by which we seek to make the 'dogma' intelligible to ourselves and others". We also admit that there must be behind the changing forms of theology some permanent body of truth to be expressed. But it seems to some of us that the traditionalists make a premature identification of this permanent body of truth with primitive apostolic affirmations which are only of the nature of changing theological thought-forms after all. Must we not seek something deeper and more fundamental lying in the region of spiritual experience and religious intuition, known to both traditionalists and liberals, and find our reconciliation here?

Mr. Gregory acknowledges that "the now despised liberalism" has meant life to those who have accepted it and moved them to social action which earlier interpretations of the faith had completely failed to supply, but asks "are we right in pointing to these beneficial effects of liberalism as evidence of the truth of its contentions?". No; we must acknowledge that "a belief that is useful and even dynamic is not necessarily true"—whether the belief be liberal or, may we add, traditionalist. There must be other tests, chiefly of an intellectual nature, to which liberalism, it is only fair to say, has given conspicuous attention. It is not liberalism which is open to the charge of obscurantism. On the other hand, Mr. Gregory proceeds to claim quite rightly that Paul's insistence on the supremacy of love has something to do with his theology; may not the new life and inspiration, the "beneficial effects of liberalism", "the earnest and honest discipleship of the Master", point after all to something sound in the theological background of liberalism?

"Liberalism can hardly be suspected of acknowledging Paul as its patron saint", says Mr. Gregory. It is very true that liberal theologians are conscious of differences between the Jesus behind the Synoptic Gospels and the Christ of Pauline speculation. But liberals have never denied "the continuation of the Galilee tradition in Paul's writings" (as Mr. Gregory himself acknowledges), however much other speculative elements have entered in. And in *1 Cor.* 13 we do find the spirit of Jesus expressed in the words of Paul, and the starting point for a reconciling understanding and sympathy between traditionalists and liberals. "Whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away . . . but now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love".